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SKETCHES

OF

SWITZERLAND.

BY AN AMERICAN.

James Fenimore Cooper

PART SECOND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

1836.

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PREFACE.

THE introduction to Part I., of the "Sketches of Switzerland," leaves very little for the author to say in addition. The reader will be prepared to meet with a long digression, that touches on the situation and interests of another country, and it is probable he will understand the author's motive for thus embracing matter that is not strictly connected with the principal subject of the work.

The first visit of the writer to Switzerland was paid in 1828; that which is related in these two volumes, in 1832. While four years had made no changes in the sublime nature of the region, they had seriously affected the political condition of all Europe. They had also produced a variance

of feeling and taste in the author, that is the unavoidable consequences of time and experience. Four years in Europe are an age to the American, as are four years in America to the European. Jefferson has somewhere said, that no American ought to be more than five years, at a time, out of his own country, lest he get *behind* it. This may be true, as to its *facts;* but the author is convinced that there is more danger of his getting *before* it, as to *opinion.* It is not improbable that this book may furnish evidence of both these truths.

Some one, in criticising the First Part of Switzerland, has intimated that the writer has a purpose to serve with the "Trades Unions," by the purport of some of his remarks. As this is a country in which the avowal of a tolerably sordid and base motive seems to be indispensable, even to safety, the writer desires to express his sense of the critic's liberality, as it may save him from a much graver imputation.

There is really a painful humiliation in the re-

flection, that a citizen of mature years, with as good natural and accidental means for preferment as have fallen to the share of most others, may pass his life without a *fact* of any sort to impeach his disinterestedness, and yet not be able to express a generous or just sentiment in behalf of his fellow-creatures, without laying himself open to suspicions that are as degrading to those who entertain them, as they are injurious to all independence of thought, and manliness of character.

5

SWITZERLAND

IN

1832.

LETTER I.

Paris, February, 1832.

DEAR ——,

YOUR speculations concerning the influence of the late revolution, on the social habits of the French, are more ingenious than true. While the mass of this nation has obtained less than they had a right to expect by the severe political convulsions they have endured, during the last forty years, they have, notwithstanding, gained something in their rights; and, what is of far more importance, they have gained in a better appreciation of those rights, as well as in the knowledge of the means to turn them to a profitable and practical account. The end will show essential improvements in their condition, or rather the present time shows it already. The change in polite society has been less favourable, although even this is slowly gaining in morals, and in a healthier tone of thought. No error can be greater, than that of believing France has endured so much, without a beneficial return.

In making up my opinions of the old *régime*, I have had constant recourse to General La Fayette for information. The conversations and anecdotes already sent you, will have prepared you for the fine tone, and perfect candour, with which he speaks even of his bitterest enemies; nor can I remember, in the many confidential and frank communications with which I have been favoured, a single instance where there has been the smallest reason to suspect he has viewed men through the medium of personal antipathies and prejudices. The candour and simplicity of his opinions, form beautiful features in his character; and the *bienséance* of his mind (if one may use such an expression) throws a polish over his harshest strictures, that is singularly adapted to obtain credit for his judgment.

Your desire to know more of the private life of this extraordinary man, is quite natural; but he has been so long before the public, that it is not easy to say any thing new. I may, however, give you a trait or two, to amuse you.

I have seen more of him this winter than the last, owing to the circumstance of a committee of Americans, that have been appointed to administer succour to the exiled Poles, meeting weekly at my house, and it is rare, indeed, that he is not present on these benevolent occasions. He has discontinued his own *soirées*, too; and, having fewer demands on his time, through official avocations, I gain admittance to him during his simple and quiet dinners, whenever it is asked.

These dinners, indeed, are our usual hours of meeting, for the occupations of the General, in the chambers, usually keeps him engaged in the morning; nor am I commonly at leisure, myself, until about this hour of the day. In Paris, every one dines, nominally, at six; but the deputies being often detained a little later, whenever I wish to see him, I hurry from my own table, and generally reach the *rue d'Anjou* in sufficient season to find him still at his.

On quitting the *Hôtel de l'Etat Major*, after being dismissed so unceremoniously from the command of the National Guard, La Fayette returned to his own neat but simple lodgings in the *rue d'Anjou*. The *hôtel*, itself, is one of some pretensions, but his apartments, though quite sufficient for a single person, are not among the best it contains, lying on the street, which is rarely or never the case with the principal rooms. The passage to them communicates with the great staircase, and the door is one of those simple, retired entrances that, in Paris, so frequently open on the abodes of some of the most illustrious men of the age. Here have I seen princes, marshals, and dignitaries of all degrees ringing for admission, no one appearing to think of aught but the great man within. These things are permitted here, where the mind gets accustomed to weigh in the balance, all the different claims to distinction, but it would scarcely do in a country, in which the pursuit of money is the sole and engrossing concern of life; a show of expenditure becoming necessary to maintain it.

The apartments of La Fayette, consist of a large ante-chamber, two *salons*, and an inner room, where he usually sits and writes, and in which, of late, he has had his bed. These rooms are *en suite*, and communicate, laterally, with one or two more, and the offices. His sole attendants in town, are the German valet, named *Bastien*, who accompanied him in his last visit to America, the footman who attends him with the carriage, and the coachman; (there may be a cook, but I never saw a female in the apartments.) Neither wears a livery, although all his appointments, carriages, horses, and furniture, are those of a gentleman. One thing has struck me as a little singular. Notwithstanding his strong attachment to America and to her usages, La Fayette, while the practice is getting to be common in Paris, has not adopted the use of carpets. I do not remember to have seen one, at *la Grange*, or in town.

When I show myself at the door, *Bastien*, who usually acts as porter, and has got to be quite a diplomatist in these matters, makes a sign of assent, and intimates that the general is at dinner. Of late, he commonly dispenses with the ceremony of letting it be known who has come, but I am at once ushered into the bed-room. Here I find La Fayette seated at a table, just large enough to contain one cover and a single dish; or a table, in other words, so small as to be covered with a napkin. His little white lap dog is his only companion. As it is always understood that I have dined, no ceremony is used, but I take a seat at the chimney corner, while he goes on with his

dinner. His meals are quite frugal, though good; a *poulet roti* invariably making one dish. There are two or three removes, a dish at a time, and the dinner usually concludes with some preserves or dried fruits, especially dates, of which he is extremely fond. I generally come in for one or two of the latter.

All this time, the conversation is on what has transpired in the *chambers* during the day, the politics of Europe, nullification in America, or the gossip of the *château*, of which he is singularly well informed, though he has ceased to go there.

The last of these informal interviews with General La Fayette, was one of peculiar interest. I generally sit but half an hour, leaving him to go to his evening engagements, which, by the way, are not frequent; but, on this occasion, he told me to remain, and I passed nearly two hours with him.

We chatted a good deal of the state of society under the old *régime*. Curious to know his opinions of their private characters, I asked a good many questions concerning the royal family. Louis XVI. he described as a well meaning man, addicted a little too much to the pleasures of the table, but who would have done well enough had he not been surrounded by bad advisers. I was greatly surprised by one of his remarks. "Louis XVI.," observed La Fayette, "owed his death as much to the bad advice of Gouverneur Morris, as to any one other thing." You may be certain I did not let this opinion go unquestioned; for, on

all other occasions, in speaking of Mr. Morris, his language had been kind and even grateful. He explained himself, by adding, that Mr. Morris, coming from a country like America, was listened to with great respect, and that on all occasions he gave his opinions against democracy, advising resistance, when resistance was not only too late, but dangerous. He did not call in question the motives of Mr. Morris, to which he did full justice, but merely affirmed that he was a bad adviser. He gave me to understand that the representatives of America had not always been faithful to the popular principle, and even went into details that it would be improper for me to repeat. I have mentioned this opinion of Mr. Morris, because his aristocratical sentiments were no secret, because they were mingled with no expressions of personal severity, and because I have heard them from other quarters. He pronounced a strong eulogium on the conduct of Mr. Crawford, which he said was uniformly such as became an American minister.

There is nothing, however, novel in these instances, of our representatives proving untrue to the prominent feeling of the country, on the subject of popular rights. It is the subject of very frequent comment in Europe, and sometimes of complaint on the part of those who are struggling for what they conceive to be their just privileges; many of them having told me, personally, that our agents frequently stand materially in their way.

Louis XVIIIth, La Fayette pronounced to be the *falsest* man he had ever met with; to use his own expression, "*l'homme le plus faux.*" He gave him credit for a great deal of talent, but added that his duplicity was innate, and not the result of his position, for it was known to his young associates, in early youth, and that they used to say among themselves, as young men, and in their ordinary gaieties, that it would be unsafe to confide in the *Comte de Provence.*

Of Charles Xth, he spoke kindly, giving him exactly a different character. He thought him the most honest of the three brothers, though quite unequal to the crisis in which he had been called to reign. He believed him sincere in his religious professions, and thought the charge of his being a professed Jesuit by no means improbable.

Marie Antoinette he thought an injured woman. On the subject of her reputed gallantries, he spoke cautiously, premising that, as an American, I ought to make many allowances for a state of society, that was altogether unknown in our country. Treating this matter with the discrimination of a man of the world, and the delicacy of a gentleman, he added that he entirely exonerated her from all of the coarse charges that had proceeded from vulgar clamor, while he admitted that she had betrayed a partiality for a young Swede* that was, at least, indiscreet for one in her situation,

* A Count Koningsmarke.

though he had no reason to believe her attachment had led her to the length of criminality.

I asked his opinion concerning the legitimacy of the Duc de Bordeaux, but he treated the rumour to the contrary, as one of those miserable devices to which men resort to effect the ends of party, and as altogether unworthy of serious attention.

I was amused with the simplicity with which he spoke of his own efforts to produce a change of government, during the last reign. On this subject he had been equally frank even before the recent revolution, though there would have been a manifest impropriety in my repeating what had then passed between us. This objection is now removed in part, and I may recount one of his anecdotes, though I can never impart to it the manner of cool and quiet humour with which it was related. We were speaking of the attempt of 1822, or the plot which existed in the army. In reply to a question of mine, he said—"Well, I was to have commanded in that revolution, and when the time came, I got into my carriage, without a passport, and drove across the country to ——, where I obtained post-horses, and proceeded as fast as possible towards ———. At ———, a courier met me, with the unhappy intelligence that our plan was discovered, and that several of our principal agents were arrested. I was advised to push for the frontier, as fast as I could. But we turned round in the road, and I went to Paris, and took my seat in the Chamber of Deputies. They

looked very queer, and a good deal surprised when they saw me, and I believe they were in great hopes that I had run away. The party of the ministers were loud in their accusations against the opposition for encouraging treason, and Perier and Constant, and the rest of them, made indignant appeals against such unjust accusations. I took a different course. I went into the tribune, and invited the ministers to come and give a history of my political life; of my changes and treasons as they called them; and said that when they had got through, I would give the character and history of theirs. This settled the matter, for I heard no more from them." I inquired if he had not felt afraid of being arrested and tried. "Not much," was his answer. "They knew I denied the right of foreigners to impose a government on France, and they also knew they had not kept faith with France under the charter. I made no secret of my principles, and frequently put letters unsealed into the post office, in which I had used the plainest language about the government. On the whole, I believe they were more afraid of me, than I was of them."

It is impossible to give an idea, in writing, of the pleasant manner he has of relating these things —a manner that receives additional piquancy from his English, which, though good, is necessarily broken. He usually prefers the English in such conversations.

"By the way," he suddenly asked me, "where

was the idea of Harvey Birch, in the Spy, found?" I told him that the thought had been obtained from an anecdote of the revolution, related to me by Governor Jay, some years before the book was written. He laughingly remarked that he could have supplied the hero of a romance, in the person of a negro named Harry (I believe, though the name has escaped me,) who acted as a spy, both for him and Lord Cornwallis, during the time he commanded against that officer in Virginia. This negro he represented as being true to the American cause, and as properly belonging to his service, though permitted occasionally to act for Lord Cornwallis, for the sake of gaining intelligence. After the surrender of the latter, he called on General La Fayette, to return a visit. Harry was in an ante-room cleaning his master's boots, as Lord Cornwallis entered. "Ha! Master Harry," exclaimed the latter, "you are here, are you?" "Oh, yes, masser Corwallis—muss try to do little for de country," was the answer. This negro he said was singularly clever and bold, and of sterling patriotism!

He made me laugh with a story, that he said the English officers had told him of General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian mercenaries, in 1776. This officer, a rigid martinet, knew nothing of the sea, and not much more of geography. On the voyage between England and America, he was in the ship of Lord Howe, where he passed several uncomfortable weeks, the fleet having

an unusually long passage, on account of the bad sailing of some of the transports. At length Knyphausen could contain himself no longer, but marching stiffly up to the admiral one day, he commenced with—"My lord, I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissive at sea, but, being intrusted with the care of the troops of His Serene Highness, my master, I feel it my duty, just to inquire, if it be not possible, that during some of the dark nights we have lately had, *we may have sailed past America?*"

I asked him if he had been at the *château* lately. His reply was very brief and expressive. "The king denies my account of the *programme* of the *hotel de ville*, and we stand in the position of two gentlemen, who, in substance, have given each other the lie. Circumstances prevent our going to the *Bois de Boulogne*, to exchange shots," he added, smiling, "but they also prevent our exchanging visits." I then ventured to say that I had long foreseen what would be the result of the friendship of Louis Philippe, and, for the first time, in the course of our conversations, I adverted to my own visit to the palace in his company, an account of which I will extract, for your benefit, from my note book.*

"In the morning I received a note from General La Fayette, in which he informed me that Mr. McLane, who is here on a visit from London, was

* The period referred to was in 1830.

desirous of being presented; that there was a reception in the evening, at which he intended to introduce the minister to England, Mr. Rives not having yet received his new credentials, and, of course, not appearing in matters of ceremony. Gen. La Fayette pressed me so strongly to be of the party, in compliment to Mr. McLane, that, though but an indifferent courtier and it was so contrary to my quiet habits, I could do nothing but comply.

At the proper hour, Gen. La Fayette had the good nature to call and take me up, and we proceeded, at once, for Mr. McLane. With this gentleman we drove to the *Palais Royal*, my old brother officer, Mr. T——, who was included in the arrangement, following in his own carriage.

We found the inner court crowded, and a throng about the entrance to the great stair-case, but the appearance of La Fayette, cleared the way, and there was a movement in the populace which denoted his great personal popularity. I heard the words "*des Américains*" passing from one to another, showing how completely he was identified with us and our principles, in the popular mind. One or two of the younger officers of the court were at the foot of the stairs to receive him, though whether their presence was accidental, or designed, I cannot say; but I suspect the latter. At all events the General was received with the profoundest respect, and the most smiling assiduity.

The ante-chamber was already crowded, but fol-

lowing our leader, his presence cleared the way for us, until he got up quite near to the doors, where some of the most distinguished men of France were collected. I saw many in the throng whom I knew, and the first minute or two were passed in nods of recognition. My attention was, however, soon attracted to a dialogue between Marshal Soult and La Fayette, that was carried on with the most perfect *bonhomie* and simplicity. I did not hear the commencement, but found they were speaking of their legs, which both seemed to think the worse for wear. "But you have been wounded in the leg, Monsieur?" observed La Fayette. "This limb was a little *mal traitée* at Genoa," returned the Marshal, looking down at a leg that had a very game look, "but you, General, you too, were hurt in America?" "Oh! that was nothing; it happened more than fifty years ago, and *then it was in a good cause*—it was the fall and the fracture that made me limp." Just at this moment, the great doors flew open, and this *quasi* republican court standing arrayed before us, the two old soldiers limped forward.

The King stood near the door, dressed as a General of the National Guards, entirely without decorations, and pretty well *tri-colored.* The Queen, Madame Adelaide, the Princesses, and several of the children, were a little farther removed, the two former standing in front, and the latter being grouped behind them. But one or

two ladies were present, nor did I see any thing at the commencement of the evening, of the *Ducs d'Orleans* and *de Nemours*.

La Fayette was one of the first that entered, and of course we kept near him. The King advanced to meet him with an expression of pleasure—I thought it studied—but they shook hands quite cordially. We were then presented by name, and each of us had the honour of shaking hands, if that can be considered an honour, which fell to the share of quite half of those who entered. The press was so great there was no opportunity to say any thing. I believe we all met with the usual expressions of welcome, and there the matter ended.

Soon after we approached the Queen, with whom our reception had a more measured manner. Most of those who entered did little more than make a distant bow to this group, but the Queen manifesting a desire to say something to our party, Mr. McLane and myself approached them. She first addressed my companion in French, a language he did not speak, and I was obliged to act as interpreter. But the Queen instantly said she understood English, though she spoke it badly, and begged he would address her in his own tongue. Madame Adelaide made out better. But the conversation was necessarily short, and not worth repeating.

Queen Amélie is a woman of a kind, and, I think, intelligent countenance. She has the Bour-

bon rather than the Austrian outline of face. She seemed anxious to please, and in her general air and carriage, has some resemblance to the Duchess of St. Leu.* She has the reputation of being an excellent wife and mother, and, really, not to fall too precipitately into the vice of a courtier, she appears as if she may well deserve it. She is thin, but graceful, and I can well imagine that she has been more than pretty in her youth.

I do not remember a more frank, intelligent, and winning countenance than that of *Madame Adelaide*, who is the King's sister. She has little beauty left, except that of expression, but this must have made her handsome once, as it renders her singularly attractive now. Her manner was less nervous than that of the Queen, and I should think her mind had more influence over her exterior.

The Princess *Louise* (the Queen of Belgium) and the Princess *Marie* are pretty, with the quiet subdued manner of well-bred young persons. The first is pale, has a strikingly Bourbon face, resembling the profiles on the French coins, while the latter has an Italian and classical outline of features, with a fine colour.

They were all dressed with great simplicity; scarcely in high dinner dress; the Queen and *Madame Adelaide* wearing evening hats. The Princesses, as is uniformly the case with unmarried French girls of rank, were without any ornaments, wearing their hair in the usual manner.

* Hortense.

After the ceremonies of being presented were through, I amused myself with examining the company. This was a levee, not a drawing room, and there were no women among the visiters. The men, who did not appear in uniform, were in common evening dress, which has degenerated of late into black stocks, and trousers.

Accident brought me next to an old man, who had exactly that revolutionary air which has become so familiar to us by the engravings of Bonaparte and his generals that were made shortly after the Italian campaign. The face was nearly buried in neckcloth, the hair was long and wild, and the coat was glittering, but ill-fitting and stiff. It was, however, the coat of a *Maréchal*; and, what rendered it still more singular, it was entirely without orders. I was curious to know who this relic of 1797 might be; for, apart from his rank, which was betrayed by his coat, he was so singularly ugly as scarcely to appear human. On inquiry it proved to be Marshal Jourdan.

There was some amusement in watching the different individuals who came to pay their court to the new dynasty. Many were personally and familiarly known to me as very loyal subjects of the last reign; soldiers who would not have hesitated to put Louis Philippe *au fil de l'épée*, three months before, at the command of Charles X. But times were changed. They now came to show themselves to the new sovereign; most of them to manifest their disposition to be put in the way of

preferment, some to reconnoitre, others to conceal their disaffection, and all to subserve their own interests. It was laughably easy to discern who were confident of their reception by being of the ruling party, who distrusted, and who were indifferent. The last class was small. A general officer, whom I personally knew, looked like one who had found his way into a wrong house by mistake. He was a Bonapartist by his antecedents, and in his true way of thinking; but accident had thrown him into the hands of the Bourbons, and he had now come to see what might be gleaned from the House of Orleans. His reception was not flattering, and I could only compare the indecision and wavering of his manner to that of a regiment that falters before an unexpected volley.

After amusing ourselves some time in the great throng, which was densest near the King, we went towards a secondary circle that had formed in another part of the room, where the Duke of Orleans had appeared. He was conversing with La Fayette, who immediately presented us all, in succession. The Prince is a genteel, handsome young man, with a face much more Austrian than that of any of his family, so far as one can judge of what his younger brothers are likely to be hereafter. In form, stature, and movements, he singularly resembles W——, and there is also a good deal of likeness in the face, though in this particular the latter has the advantage. He was

often taken for the *Duc de Chartres* during our former residence at Paris. Our reception was gracious, the heir to the throne appearing anxious to please every one.

The amusing part of the scene is to follow. Fatigued with standing, we had got chairs in a corner of the room, behind the throng, where the discourtesy of being seated might escape notice. The king soon after withdrew, and the company immediately began to go away. Three-fourths, perhaps, were gone, when an *aide de camp* came up to us and inquired if we were not the three Americans who had been presented by General La Fayette? Being answered in the affirmative, he begged us to accompany him. He led us near a door at the other end of the *salle*, a room of great dimensions, where we found General La Fayette in waiting. The *Aide*, or officer of the court, whichever might be his station, passed through the door, out of which the king immediately came. It appeared to me as if the General was not satisfied with our first reception, and wished to have it done over again. The king looked grave, not to say discontented, and I saw, at a glance, that he could have dispensed with this extra attention. Mr. M'Lane standing next the door, he addressed a few words to him, in English, which he speaks quite readily, and without much accent. Indeed he said little to any one else, and the few words that he did utter were exceedingly general and unmeaning. Once

he got as far as T——, whom he asked if he came from New York, and he looked hard at me, who stood farther from the door, mumbled something, bowed to us all, and withdrew. I was struck with his manner, which seemed vexed and unwilling, and the whole thing struck me as awkward and uncomfortable. I thought it a bad omen for the influence of the general.

By this time the great *salle* was nearly empty, and we moved off together to find our carriages. General La Fayette preceded us, of course, and as he walked slow, and occasionally stopped to converse, we were among the last in the antechamber. In passing into the last or outer antechamber, the General stopped nearly in the door to speak to some one. Mr. M'Lane and Mr. T—— being at his side, they so nearly stopped the way that I remained some distance in the rear, in order not to close it entirely. My position would give an ordinary observer reason to suppose that I did not belong to the party. A young officer of the court (I call them *aides*, though, I believe, they were merely substitutes for chamberlains, dignitaries to which this republican reign has not yet given birth,) was waiting in the outer room to pass, but appeared unwilling to press too closely on a group of which General La Fayette formed the principal person. He fidgetted and chafed evidently, but still kept politely at a distance. After two or three minutes the party moved on, but I remained stationary,

watching the result. Room was no sooner made than the officer brushed past, and gave vent to his feelings by saying, quite loudly and distinctly, "*Adieu l'Amérique!*"

It is a pretty safe rule to believe that in the tone of courtiers is reflected the feeling of the monarch. The attention to General La Fayette had appeared to me as singularly affected and forced, and the manner of the king any thing but natural; and several little occurrences during the evening had tended to produce the impression that the real influence of the former, at the palace, might be set down as next to nothing. I never had any faith in a republican king from the commencement, but this near view of the personal intercourse between the parties served to persuade me that General La Fayette had been the dupe of his own good faith and kind feelings.

In descending the great stairs I mentioned the occurrence just related to Mr. M'Lane, adding, that I thought the days of our friend were numbered, and that a few months would produce a schism between him and Louis Philippe. Every thing, at the moment, however, looked so smiling, and so much outward respect was lavished on General La Fayette, that this opinion did not find favour with my listener, though I believe, he saw reason to think differently, after another visit to court. We all got invitations to dine at the palace in a day or two, and my next letter will most probably contain the gossip of a royal entertainment."

I did not, however, touch upon the "*adieu, l'Amérique,*" which I have always deemed a subject too delicate to be mentioned. He was silent, and by way of changing the conversation, I alluded to the queer scene of the reception of the American ladies, but this he also appeared to think went off better than, from my letter on the subject, you will have seen was my own notion of the matter.

He startled me by suddenly putting the question, whether I thought an executive, in which there should be but one agent, as in the United States, or an executive in which there should be three, or five, would best suit the condition of France? Though so well acquainted with the boldness and steadiness of his views, I was not prepared to find his mind dwelling on such a subject, at the present moment. The state of France, however, is certainly extremely critical, and we ought not to be surprised at the rising of the people at any moment.

I told General La Fayette that, in my poor judgment, the question admitted of a good deal of controversy. Names did not signify much, but every administration should receive its main impulses, subject to the common wishes and interests, from a close conformity of views, whether there were one incumbent or a dozen. The English system certainly made a near approach to a divided executive, but the power was so distributed as to prevent much clashing; and when

things went wrong, the ministers resigned; parliament, in effect, holding the control of the executive as well as of the legislative branches of the government. Now I did not think France was prepared for such a polity, the French being accustomed to see a real as well as a nominal monarch, and the disposition to intrigue would, for a long time to come, render their administrations fluctuating and insecure. A directory would either control the chambers or be controlled by them. In the former case it would be apt to be divided in itself; in the latter, to agitate the chambers by factions that would not have the ordinary outlet of majorities to restore the equilibrium.

He was of opinion himself that the expedient of a directory had not suited the state of France. He asked me what I thought of universal suffrage for this country. I told him, I thought it altogether unsuited to the present condition of France. I did not attach much faith to the old theory of the necessary connexion between virtue and democracy, as a cause; though it might, with the necessary limitations, follow as an effect. A certain degree of knowledge of its uses, *action*, and objects was indispensable to a due exercise of the suffrage; not that it was required every elector should be learned in the theory of governments, but that he should know enough to understand the general connexion between his vote and his interests, and especially his rights. This knowledge was not at all difficult of attainment, in ordinary cases, when

one had the means of coming at facts. In cases that admit of argument, as in all the questions on political economy, I did not see that any reasonable degree of knowledge made the matter much better, the cleverest men usually ranging themselves on the two extremes of all mooted questions. Concerning the right of every man, who was qualified to use the power, to have his interests directly represented in a government, it was unnecessary to speak, the only question being who had and who had not the means to make a safe use of the right, in practice. It followed from these views, that the great *desiderata* were to ascertain what these means were.

In the present state of the world, I thought it absolutely necessary that a man should be able to read, in order to exercise the right to vote with a prudent discretion. In countries where every body reads, other qualifications might be trusted to, provided they were low and within reasonable reach of the mass; but, in a country like France, I would allow no man to vote until he knew how to read, if he were as rich as Crœsus.

I felt convinced the present system could not continue long in France. It might do for a few years, as a reaction, but when things were restored to their natural course, it would be found that there is an unnatural union between facts that are peculiar to despotism, and facts that are peculiarly the adjuncts of liberty; as in the provisions of the *Code Napoleon*, and in the liberty of the press,

without naming a multitude of other discrepancies. The *juste milieu* that he had so admirably described* could not last long, but the government would soon find itself driven into strong measures, or into liberal measures, in order to sustain itself. Men could no more serve "God and Mammon" in politics than in religion. I then related to him an anecdote that had occurred to myself the evening of the first anniversary of the present reign.

On the night in question, I was in the *Thuileries*, with a view to see the fire-works. Taking a station a little apart from the crowd, I found myself under a tree alone with a Frenchman of some sixty years of age. After a short parley, my companion, as usual, mistook me for an Englishman. On being told his error, he immediately opened a con-

* When the term *juste milieu* was first used by the king, and adopted by his followers, La Fayette said in the Chamber, that "he very well understood what a *juste milieu* meant, in any particular case; it meant neither more nor less than the truth, in that particular case: but as to a political party's always taking a middle course, under the pretence of being in a *juste milieu*, he should liken it to a discreet man's laying down the proposition that four and four make eight, and a fool's crying out, "Sir, you are wrong, for four and four make ten," whereupon the advocate for the *juste milieu* on system, would be obliged to say, "Gentlemen, you are equally in extremes, *four and four make nine*." It is the fashion to say La Fayette wanted *esprit*. This was much the cleverest thing the writer ever heard in the French Chambers, and, generally, he knew few men who said more witty things in a neat and unpretending manner than General La Fayette. Indeed this was the bias of his mind, which was little given to profound reflections, though distinguished for a *fort bon sens*.

versation on the state of things in France. He asked me if I thought they would continue. I told him, no; that I thought two or three years would suffice to bring the present system to a close. "*Monsieur,*" said my companion, "you are mistaken. It will require ten years to dispossess those who have seized upon the government, since the last revolution. All the young men are growing up with the new notions, and in ten years they will be strong enough to overturn the present order of things. Remember that I prophesy the year 1840, will see a change of government in France."

La Fayette laughed at this prediction, which, he said, did not quite equal his impatience. He then alluded to the ridicule which had been thrown upon his own idea of "A monarchy with republican institutions," and asked me what I thought of the system. As my answer to this, as well as to his other questions, will serve to lay before you my own opinions, which you have a right to expect from me, as a traveller rendering an account of what he has seen, I shall give you its substance, at length.

So far from finding any thing as absurd as is commonly pretended in the plan of a "throne surrounded by republican institutions," it appears to me to be exactly the system best suited to the actual condition of France. By a monarchy, however, a real monarchical government, or one in which the power of the sovereign is to predominate, is not to be understood, in this instance, but

such a semblance of a monarchy as exists to-day, in England, and formerly existed in Venice and Genoa under their Doges. In England the aristocracy notoriously rules, through the king, and I see no reason why in France, a constituency with a base sufficiently broad to entitle it to assume the name of a republic, might not rule, in its turn, in the same manner. In both cases the sovereign would merely represent an abstraction; the sovereign power would be wielded in his name, but at the will of the constituency; he would be a parliamentary echo, to pronounce the sentiment of the legislative bodies, whenever a change of men, or a change of measures became necessary. It is very true that, under such a system, there would be no real separation, in principle, between the legislative and the executive branches of government; but such is, to-day, and such has long been the actual condition of England, and her statesmen are fond of saying, the plan "works well." Now, although the plan does not work half as well in England, as is pretended, except for those who more especially reap its benefits, simply because the legislature is not established on a sufficiently popular basis, still it works better, on the whole, for the public, than if the system were reversed, as was formerly the case, and the king ruled through the parliament, instead of the parliament ruling through the king. In France the facts are ripe for an extension of this principle, in its safest and most salutary manner. The French of the present generation are

prepared to dispense with a hereditary and political aristocracy, in the first place, nothing being more odious to them than privileged orders, and no nation, not even America, having more healthful practices or wiser notions on this point than themselves. The experience of the last fifteen years has shown the difficulty of creating an independent peerage in France, notwithstanding the efforts of the government sustained by the example and wishes of England, have been steadily directed to that object. Still they have the traditions and *prestige* of a monarchy. Under such circumstances, I see no difficulty in carrying out the idea of La Fayette. Indeed, some such polity is indispensable, unless liberty is to be wholly sacrificed. All experience has shown that a king, who is a king in fact as well as name, is too strong for law, and the idea of restraining such a power by *principles*, is purely chimerical. He may be curtailed in his authority, by the force of opinion and by extreme constructions of these principles; but if this be desirable, it would be better to avoid the struggle, and begin, at once, by laying the foundation of the system in such a way, as will prevent the necessity of any change.

As respects France, a peerage, in my opinion, is neither desirable nor practicable. It is certainly possible for the king to maintain a chosen political corps, as long as he can maintain himself, which shall act in his interests and do his bidding; but it is folly to ascribe the attributes that belong to a peerage to such a body of mercenaries. They

resemble the famous *mandamus* counsellors, who had so great an agency in precipitating our own revolution, and are more likely to achieve a similar disservice to their master than any thing else. Could they become really independent, to a point to render them a masculine feature in the state, they would soon, by their combinations, become too strong for the other branches of the government, as has been the case in England, and France would have a "throne surrounded by aristocratic institutions." The popular notion that an aristocracy is necessary to a monarchy, I take it, is a gross error. A titular aristocracy, in some shape or other, is always the *consequence* of a monarchy, merely because it is the reflection of the sovereign's favour, policy or caprice; but *political* aristocracies like the peerage, have, nine times in ten, proved too strong for the monarch. France would form no exception to the rule, but, as men are apt to run into the delusion of believing it liberty to strip one of power, although his mantle is to fall on the few, I think it more than probable the popular error would be quite likely to aid the aristocrats in effecting their object; after habit had a little accustomed the nation to the presence of such a body. This is said, however, under the supposition that the elements of an independent peerage could be found in France, a fact that I doubt, as has just been mentioned.

If England can have a throne, then, surrounded by aristocratical institutions, what is there to prevent France from having a throne "surround-

ed by republican institutions?" The word "Republic," though it does not exclude, does not necessarily include the idea of a democracy. It merely means a polity, in which the predominant idea is the "public things," or common weal, instead of the hereditary and inalienable rights of one. It would be quite practicable, therefore, to establish in France such an efficient constituency as would meet the latter conditions, and yet to maintain the throne, as the machinery necessary, in certain cases, to promulgate the will of this very constituency. This is all that the throne does in England, and why need it do more in France? By substituting then a more enlarged constituency, for the borough system of England, the idea of La Fayette would be completely fulfilled. The reform in England, itself, is quite likely to demonstrate that his scheme was not as monstrous as has been affirmed. The throne of France should be occupied as Corsica is occupied, not for the affirmative good it does the nation, so much as to prevent harm from its being occasionally vacant.

In the course of the conversation I gave to General La Fayette the following outline of the form of government I could wish to give to France, were I a Frenchman, and had I a voice in the matter. I give it to you on the principle already avowed, or as a traveller furnishing his notions of the things he has seen, and because it may aid in giving you a better insight into my views of the state of this country.

I would establish a monarchy, and Henry V. should be the monarch. I would select him on account of his youth, which will admit of his being educated in the notions necessary to his duty; and on account of his birth, which would strengthen his nominal government, and, by necessary connexion, the actual government; for, I believe, that, in their hearts, and notwithstanding the professions to the contrary, nearly half of France would greatly prefer the legitimate line of their ancient kings to the actual dynasty. This point settled, I would extend the suffrage as much as facts would justify; certainly so as to include a million or a million and a half of electors. All idea of the *representation* of property should be relinquished, as the most corrupt, narrow and vicious form of polity that has ever been devised, invariably tending to array one portion of the community against another, and endangering the very property it is supposed to protect. A moderate property *qualification* might be adopted, in connexion with that of intelligence. The present scheme in France unites, in my view of the case, precisely the two worst features of admission to the suffrage that could be devised. The qualification of an elector is a given amount of direct contribution. This *qualification* is so high as to amount to *representation*, and France is already so taxed as to make a diminution of the burdens one of the first objects at which a good government would aim; it follows that as the ends of liberty are attained, its foundations would be

narrowed, and the *representation* of property would be more and more assured. A simple property qualification would, therefore, I think, be a better scheme than the present.

Each department should send an allotted number of deputies, the polls being distributed on the American plan. Respecting the term of service, there might arise various considerations, but it should not exceed five years, and I would prefer three. The present house of peers should be converted into a senate, its members to sit as long as the deputies. I see no use in making the term of one body longer than the other, and I think it very easy to show that great injury has arisen from the practice among ourselves. Neither do I see the advantage of having a part go out periodically; but, on the contrary, a disadvantage, as it leaves a representation of old, and, perhaps, rejected opinions, to struggle with the opinions of the day. Such collisions have invariably impeded the action and disturbed the harmony of our own government. I would have every French elector vote for each senator; thus the local interests would be protected by the deputies, while the senate would strictly represent France. This united action would control all things, and the ministry would be an emanation of their will, of which the king should merely be the organ.

I have no doubt the action of our own system would be better, could we devise some plan by which a ministry should supersede the present

executive. The project of Mr. Hillhouse, that of making the senators draw lots annually for the office of President, is, in my opinion, better than the elective system; but it would be, in a manner, liable to the old objection, of a want of harmony between the different branches of the government. France has all the machinery of royalty, in her palaces, her parks, and the other appliances of the condition; and she has, moreover, the necessary habits and opinions, while we have neither. There is, therefore, just as much reason why France should not reject this simple expedient for naming a ministry, as there is for our not adopting it. Here, then, would be, at once, a "throne surrounded by republican institutions," and, although it would not be a throne as powerful as that which France has at present, it would, I think, be more permanent than one surrounded by bayonets, and leave France, herself, more powerful, in the end.

The capital mistake made in 1830, was that of establishing the *throne* before establishing the *republic;* in trusting to *men*, instead of trusting to *institutions.*

I do not tell you that La Fayette assented to all that I said. He had reason for the impracticability of setting aside the personal interests which would be active in defeating such a reform, that involved details and a knowledge of character to which I had nothing to say; and, as respects the *Duc de Bordeaux*, he affirmed that the reign of the *Bourbons* was over, in France. The country was tired

of them. It may appear presumptuous in a foreigner to give an opinion against such high authority; but, "what can we reason but from what we know?" and truth compels me to say, I cannot subscribe to this opinion. My own observation, imperfect though it be, has led to a different conclusion. I believe there are thousands, even among those who throng the *Tuileries*, who would hasten to throw off the mask at the first serious misfortune that should befall the present dynasty, and who would range themselves on the side of what is called legitimacy. In respect to parties, I think the republicans the boldest, in possession of the most talents compared to numbers, and the least numerous. The friends of the King (active and passive) the least decided, and the least connected by principle, though strongly connected by a desire to prosecute their temporal interests, and more numerous than the republicans; the Carlists or *Henriquinquists* the most numerous, and the most generally, but secretly, sustained by the rural population, particularly in the west and south.

La Fayette frankly admitted, what all now seem disposed to admit, that it was a fault not to have made sure of the institutions before the King was put upon the throne. He affirmed, however, it was much easier to assert the wisdom of taking this precaution, than to have adopted it in fact. The world, I believe, is in error, about most of the political events that succeeded the three days.

LETTER II.

DEAR ——,

WE have had little to occupy us since my last letter, but the cholera, which alighted in the heart of this great and crowded metropolis like a bomb. Since the excursion on the frontiers last year, and our success in escaping the quarantine, I had thought little of this scourge, until the subject was introduced at my own table by a medical man who was among the guests. He cautiously informed us that there were unpleasant conjectures among the faculty on the subject, and that he was fearful Paris was not to go unscathed. When apart, he privately added, that he had actually seen a case, which he could impute to no other disease but that of Asiatic cholera.

The next day a few dark hints were given in the Journals, and, with frightful rapidity, reports followed that raised the daily deaths to near a thousand. The change in the appearance of the town was magical, for the strangers generally fled, while most of the *habitués* of the streets in our immediate vicinity, were soon numbered with the

dead. There was a succession of apple women seated at the corners, between the *rue St. Dominique* and the *pont Royal*, with whose faces I had become intimate in the course of P——'s traffic, as we passed to and fro, between the hotel and the *Tuileries*. Every one of these disappeared; the last, I was told, dropping from her chair, and dying before those who came to her aid had reached the nearest hospital.

One case, among multitudes, will serve to give you a faint idea of the situation of Paris, at this moment of severe affliction. Returning from a walk through the deserted streets one morning, I saw a small collection of people around the *porte-cochère* of our *hotel*. A match-seller had been seized with the disease, at the gate, and was then sustained on one of the stone seats, which are commonly used by the servants. I had her carried into the court, and made such applications as had been recommended by the faculty. The patient was a robust woman of middle age, accompanied by her mother, both having come in from a distant village, to raise a few *sous* by selling matches. In making the applications, I had occasion to observe the means by which these poor people sustain life. Their food consisted of fragments of hard dried bread, that had been begged, or bought, in the course of their progress.

While two or three of us were busied about the daughter, the mother knelt on the pavement, and, with streaming eyes, prayed for her child, for us,

and for herself. There was something indescribably touching in this display of strong natural ties, between those who were plunged so deep in misery. A piece of five francs was put into the hands of the old woman, but, though she blessed the donor, her look was not averted an instant from the agony depicted in her daughter's face, nor did she appear conscious of what she possessed, a moment after. The carriers from the hospital bore the sick woman away, and the mother promised to return, in a day or two, to let me know the result. Not appearing, an inquiry was made at the hospital, and the answer was, that they were both dead!

In this manner some ten or fifteen thousand were swept away in a few weeks. Not only hotels, but in some instances, nearly whole streets were depopulated. As every one fled, who could with convenience or propriety quit the town, you may feel surprised that we chose to remain. When the deaths increased to eight or nine hundred a day, and our own quarter began to be visited, I felt it to be a duty to those under my charge, to retire to some of the places without the limits of the disease. The trunks were packed, the carriage was in the court, and my passports were signed, when A—— was suddenly taken ill. Although the disease was not the cholera, I began to calculate the chances of any one of us being seized, myself for instance, in one of the villages of the *environs*, and the helpless condition of a

family of females in a foreign country, under such circumstances. The result was a determination to remain, and to trust to Providence. We have consequently staid in our apartments through it all, although two slight cases have occurred in the hotel, and hundreds around it.

The manner in which individuals known to us have vanished, as it were, from before our eyes, has been shockingly sudden. To-day the report may be that the milk-man is gone; yesterday it was the butcher's boy; the day before the poulterer, and presently a new servant appears with a message from a friend, and on inquiring for his predecessor, we learn that he is dead. Ten or fifteen cases of this sort have occurred among those with whom we are in constant and immediate connexion.

The deaths in the higher classes, at first, were comparatively few, but, of late, several of the most distinguished men of France have been seized. Among them are *M. Perier*, the prime minister, and the general *Lamarque*. *Prince Castelcicala*, too, the Neapolitan Ambassador, is dead, in our neighbourhood, as, indeed, are very many others. There is one short street quite near us, out of which, it is said, between seventy and eighty dead have been carried. The situation of all this *Fauxbourg* is low, and that of the street particularly so.

Dr. S——, of North Carolina, who, with several other young physicians, has done credit to him-

self by his self-devotion and application, brought in the report of the appearance of things, once or twice a week, judging of the state of the disease more from the aspect of the hospitals, than from the published returns which are necessarily and, perhaps, designedly, imperfect. He thinks of the first hundred that were admitted at the Hôtel Dieu, all but one died, and that one he does not think was a case of Asiatic cholera at all.

All this time, the more frequented streets of Paris presented, in the height of the usual season too, the most deserted aspect. I have frequently walked on the terrace of the Tuileries when there were not a dozen others in the whole garden, and driven from my own hotel in the *rue St. Dominique* to the *Place Vendôme* without meeting half a dozen vehicles, including *fiacres* and *cabriolets de place.*

I was returning one day from the *rue de la Paix*, on foot, during the height of the disease, at a time when this gay and magnificent part of the town looked peculiarly deserted. There was scarcely a soul in the street but the *laquais de place*, the *garçons*, and the chamber maids of the public hotels, that abound in this quarter. These were at the gate-ways, with folded arms, a picture in themselves, of the altered condition of the town. Two travelling carriages drove in from the *rue de Rivoli*, and there was at once a stir among those who are so completely dependent on travellers for their bread. "*On part,*" was, at

first, the common and mournful call from one group to another, until the mud on the carriage-wheels caught the attention of some one, who cried out "*on arrive!*" The appearance of strangers under such circumstances, seemed to act like a charm. I felt no little surprise at seeing them, and more, when a hand beckoned to me from a carriage window. It was Mr. H——, of New York, an old school fellow, and a friend of whom we had seen a good deal during our travels in Europe. He had just come from England, with his family, and appeared astonished to find Paris so deserted. He told me that Mr. Van Buren was in the other carriage. He had chosen an unfortunate moment for his visit. I went to see the H——s next morning, and it was arranged that they should come and pass the succeeding day in the *rue St. Dominique;* but they disappointed us. The day following I got a letter from H——, dated *Amiens*, written on his way to England! They had been imprudent in coming, and wise in hurrying away from the frightful scene. I believe that Mr. Van Buren remained but a day or two.

Although most of our acquaintances quitted the town, a few thought it safer to remain in their own comfortable apartments, than to run the hazards of travelling; for, in a short time, most of the north of France was suffering under the same grievous affliction. The authorities conducted themselves well, and there have been very many

instances of noble self-devotion, on the part of private individuals, the French character never appearing to better advantage. In this respect, notwithstanding the general impression to the contrary, I am inclined to believe, after a good deal of inquiry, that Paris has acquitted itself better than London. The French, certainly, are less disposed, as a rule, to "hide their light under a bushel," than most other people, but, on the spot and a looker on, my respect for their feelings and philanthropy, has been greatly raised by their conduct during this terrible calamity.

Notwithstanding the horror of the disease, some of the more prominent traits of national character have shown themselves lately. Among other things, the artists have taken to *caricaturing the cholera!* One gets to be so hardened by exposure, as to be able to laugh at even these proofs of moral obtuseness. Odd enough traits of character are developed by seeing men, under such trying circumstances. During one of the worst periods of the disease, I met a countryman in the street, who, though otherwise a clever man, has the weakness to think the democracy of America its greatest blot. I asked him why he remained in Paris, having no family, nor any sufficient inducement? "Oh," said he, "it is a disease that only kills the rabble; I feel no concern—do you?" I told him that, under my peculiar circumstances, I felt a good deal of uneasiness, though not enough to make an unreflecting flight. A few days after-

wards I missed him, and, on inquiry, learned that he had fled. Some *nobleman* had died in our *Fauxbourg*, when he and one of a fellow feeling, finding a taint, "between the wind and their nobility," forthwith beat a retreat!

During the height of the malady, an old English general officer, who had served in India, and who was now residing near us, sent me an invitation to dinner. Tired of seeing no one, I went. Here every thing was as tranquil as if we were living in the purest atmosphere in Europe. Sir —— ——, my host, observed that he had got seasoned in India, and that he believed *good living* one of the best preventives against the disease. The Count de —— came in just before dinner was announced, and whispered to me that some twelve or fifteen hundred had been buried the previous day, although less than a thousand had been reported. This gentleman told a queer anecdote, which he said came from very respectable authority, and which he gave as he had heard it. About ten days before the cholera appeared, a friend of his had accompanied one of the Polish generals, who are now in Paris, a short distance into the country to dine. On quitting the house, the Pole stopped to gaze intently at the horizon. His companion inquired what he saw, when, pointing to a hazy appearance in the atmosphere, of rather an unusual kind, the other said, "You will have the cholera here in less than ten days; such

appearances always preceded it in the north." As M. de —— observed, "I tell it as I heard it."

Sir —— —— did me the favour on that occasion, to introduce me to a mild gentlemanlike old man, who greatly resembled one of that quiet old-school of our own, which is so fast disappearing before the bustling, fussy, money-getting race of the day. It was Lord Robert Fitzgerald, a brother of the unfortunate Lord Edward, and the brother of whom he so pleasantly speaks in his natural and amiable letters, as "Plenipo Bob." This gentleman is since dead, having, as I hear, fallen a victim to the cholera.

I went to one other dinner, during this scene of destruction, given by Madame de B——, a woman who has so much vogue, as to assemble, in her house, people of the most conflicting opinions and opposite characters. On this occasion, I was surprised to hear from Marshal ——, one of the guests, that many believe the cholera to be contagious. That such an opinion should prevail among the mass, was natural enough, but I was not prepared to hear it from so high a quarter.

A gentleman mentioned, at this dinner, that the destruction among the porters had been fearful. A friend of his was the proprietor of five *hôtels*, and the porters of all are dead!

to

LETTER III.

DEAR ——,

THE government is becoming every day less secure, and while it holds language directly to the contrary, it very well knows it cannot depend on the attachment of the nation. It has kept faith with no one, and the mass looks coldly on, at the political agitation that is excited, in all quarters, by the Carlists and the republicans. The bold movement of the Duchess of Berri, although it has been unwise and unreflecting, has occasioned a good deal of alarm, and causes great uneasiness in this cabinet.*

In a country where the cholera could not escape being caricatured, you will readily imagine that the king has fared no better. The lower part of the face of Louis Philippe is massive, while his

* Louis Philippe has been more singularly favoured by purely fortuitous events than, probably, ever fell to the fortune of one in his situation. The death of the Duke of Reichstadt, the arrest and peculiar position of the Duchess of Berri, the failure of the different attempts to assassinate and seize him, and the sudden death of the young Napoleon Bonaparte, in Italy, (the son of Louis,) are among the number.

forehead, without being mean, narrows in a way to give the outline a shape not unlike that of a pear. An editor of one of the publications of caricatures being on trial for a libel, in his defence, produced a large pear, in order to illustrate his argument, which ran as follows:—People fancied they saw a resemblance in some one feature of a caricature to a particular thing; this thing, again, might resemble another thing; that thing, a third; and thus from one to another until the face of some distinguished individual might be reached. He put it to the jury whether such forced constructions were safe. "This, gentlemen," he continued, "is a common pear, a fruit well known to all of you. By cutting here, and here," using his knife as he spoke, "something like a resemblance to a human face is obtained; by clipping here, again, and shaping there, one gets a face that some may fancy they know; and should I, hereafter, publish an engraving of a pear, why every body will call it a caricature of a man!" You will understand that, by a dexterous use of the knife, such a general resemblance to the countenance of the king was obtained, that it was instantly recognised. The man was rewarded for his cleverness by an acquittal, and, since that time, by an implied convention, a rude sketch of a pear is understood to allude to the king. The fruit abounds in a manner altogether unusual for the season, and, at this moment, I make little doubt, that some thousands of pears are drawn in chalk, coal,

or other substances, on the walls of the capital. During the carnival, masquers appeared as pears, with pears for caps, and carrying pears, and all this with a boldness and point that must go far to convince the king that the extreme license he has affected hitherto to allow, cannot very well accord with his secret intentions to bring France back to a government of coercion. The discrepancies that necessarily exist in the present system will, sooner or later, destroy it.

Little can be said in favour of caricatures. They address themselves to a faculty of the mind that is the farthest removed from reason, and, by consequence, from the right; and it is a prostitution of the term to suppose that they are either cause or effect, as connected with liberty. Such things may certainly have their effect, as means, but every good cause is so much the purer for abstaining from the use of questionable agencies. *Au reste*, there is really a fatality of feature and expression common to the public men of this country that is a strong provocative to caricature. The revolution and empire appear to have given rise to a state of feeling that has broken out with marked sympathy, in the countenance. The French, as a nation, are far from handsome, though brilliant exceptions exist; and it strikes me that they who appear in public life are just among the ugliest of the whole people.

Not long since I dined at the table of M. de ——, in company with Mr. B., of New York.

The company consisted of some twenty men, all of whom had played conspicuous parts in the course of the last thirty years. I pointed out the peculiarity just mentioned to my companion, and asked him if there was a single face at table which had the placid, dignified and contented look which denotes the consciousness of right motives, a frank independence, and a mind at peace with itself. We could not discover one! I have little doubt that national physiognomy is affected by national character.

You may form some idea, on the other hand, of the perfect simplicity and good taste that prevails in French society, by a little occurrence on the day just mentioned. A gentleman, of singularly forbidding countenance, sat next us; and, in the course of the conversation, he mentioned the fact that he had once passed a year in New York, of which place he conversed with interest and vivacity. B—— was anxious to know who this gentleman might be. I could only say that he was a man of great acuteness and knowledge, whom I had often met in society, but, as to his name, I did not remember ever to have heard it. He had always conducted himself in the simple manner that he witnessed, and it was my impression that he was the private secretary of the master of the house, who was a dignitary of the state, for I had often met him at the same table. Here the matter rested for a few days.

The following week we removed into the *rue*

St. Dominique. Directly opposite to the *porte-cochère* of our hotel was the *porte cochère* of an hotel that had once belonged to the Princes of Conti. A day or two after the removal, I saw the unknown gentleman coming out of the gate-way opposite, as I was about to enter our own. He bowed, saluted me by name, and passed on. Believing this a good occasion to ascertain who he was, I crossed the street, and asked the porter for the name of the gentleman who had just gone out. "Mais, c'est Monsieur le Duc!" "Duke!" —What Duke?" "Why, Monsieur le Duc de Valmy, the proprietor of this hotel!" It was the younger *Kellerman*, the hero of Marengo!*

But I could fill volumes with anecdotes of a similar nature; for, in these countries, in which men of illustrious deeds abound, one is never disturbed in society by the fussy pretension and swagger that is apt to mark the presence of a lucky speculator in the stocks. Battles, unlike bargains, are rarely discussed in society. I have already told you how little sensation is produced in Paris by the presence of a celebrity, though, in no part of the world is more delicate respect paid to those who have earned renown, whether in letters, arts or arms. Like causes, however, notoriously produce like effects; and, I think, under the new *regime*, which is purely a money-power system, directed by a mind whose ambition is

* He is since dead.

wealth, that one really meets here more of that swagger of stocks and lucky speculations, in the world, than was formerly the case. Society is decidedly less graceful, more care-worn, and of a worse tone to-day, than it was previously to the revolution of 1830. I presume the elements are unchanged, but the ebullition of the times is throwing the scum to the surface, a natural but temporary consequence of the present state of things.

While writing to you in this desultory manner, I shall seize the occasion to give the outline of a little occurrence of quite recent date, and which is, in some measure, of personal interest to myself. A controversy concerning the cost of government, was commenced some time in November last, under the following circumstances, and has but just been concluded. As early as the July preceding, a writer in the employment of the French government, produced a laboured article, in which he attempted to show that, head for head, the Americans paid more for the benefits of government than the French. Having the field all to himself, both as to premises and conclusions, this gentleman did not fail to make out a strong case against us; and, as a corollary to his proposition, which was held to be proved, he, and others of his party, even went so far as to affirm that a republic, in the nature of things, must be a more expensive polity than a monarchy.

This extravagant assertion had been considered as established, by a great many perfectly well-

meaning people, for some months, before I even knew that it had ever been made. A very intelligent, and a perfectly candid Frenchman, mentioned it one day, in my presence, admitting that he had been staggered by the boldness of the proposition, as well as by the plausibility of the arguments by which it had been maintained. It was so contrary to all previous accounts of the matter, and was, especially, so much opposed to all I had told him, in our frequent disquisitions on America, that he wished me to read the statements, and to refute them, should it seem desirable. About the same time, General La Fayette made a similar request, sending me the number of the periodical that contained the communication, and suggesting the expediency of answering it. I never, for an instant, doubted the perfect right of an American, or any one else, to expose the errors that abounded in this pretended statistical account, but I had little disposition for the task. Having, however, good reason to think it was aimed covertly at General La Fayette, with the intention to prove his ignorance of the America he so much applauded, I yielded to his repeated requests, and wrote a hasty letter to him, dissecting, as well as my knowledge and limited access to authorities permitted, the mistakes of the other side. This letter produced replies, and the controversy was conducted through different channels, and by divers agents, up to a time when the varying and conflicting facts of our opponents

appeared to be pretty well exhausted. It was then announced that instructions had been sent to America to obtain more authentic information; and we were promised a farther exposure of the weakness of the American system, when the other side should receive this re-enforcement to their logic.*

I have no intention of going over this profitless controversy with you, and have adverted to it, here, solely with a view to make you acquainted with a state of feeling in a portion of our people, that it may be useful not only to expose, but correct.

Early in the day, the party who conducted the controversy for the other side, began to make frequent allusions to certain Americans—*"plusieurs honorables Américains"* was the favourite expression—who, he alleged, had furnished him with information that went to corroborate the truth of his positions, and, as a matter of course, to invalidate the truth of ours. Secret informa-

* No such exposure has ever been made; and the writer understood, some time before he quitted France, that the information received from America proved to be so unsatisfactory, that the attempt was abandoned. The writer, in managing his part of the discussion, confined himself principally to the state of New York, being in possession of more documents in reference to his own state, than to any other. Official accounts, since published, have confirmed the accuracy of his calculations; the actual returns varying but a few *sous* a head from his own estimates, which were in so much too liberal, or against his own side of the question.

tion reached me, also, that a part, at least, of our own legation was busy for the other side. At one period, M. Perier, the premier of France, publicly cited the name of the minister, himself, at the tribunal, as having given an opinion against those who conducted the controversy on the side of the American system, and in favour of our opponents. I understand Mr. Rives declares that M. Perier had no authority either for using his name, or for attributing such sentiments to him; although the statement, as yet, stands uncontradicted before the world. You will probably be startled, when I tell you, that this is the third instance, within a few months, in which the public agents of America have been openly quoted as giving evidence against the action of the American system. The two other cases occurred in the British parliament, and, in one of them, as in this of Mr. Rives, the agent was quoted by name! It is not in my power to say whether these gentlemen have or have not been wrongfully quoted; but all cannot be right, when they are quoted at all. Figure to yourself, for a moment, what would be the effect of a member of congress quoting the minister of a foreign government, at Washington, as giving an opinion against a material feature of the polity he represented, and the disclaimers and discussions, not to say quarrels, that would succeed. How is it, that the representatives of exclusion are so much more faith-

ful to the interests of their principals, than the representatives of liberal institutions?

Some will tell you that the condition of Europe is critical; that our own relations with certain countries are delicate, and that it is expedient to temporize. In the first place, judging from my own observations, I do not believe there is any of the much talked-of temporizing spirit about all this compliance, but, that in most of the cases in which the agents of the government disown the distinguishing principles of the institutions (and these cases have got to be so numerous as to attract general attention, and to become the subject of sneering newspaper comments) that it is "out of the fulness of the heart, that the mouth speaketh." But, allowing that the first position is true, and that these gentlemen actually acquiesce for the sake of quiet, and with a view to advance what they conceive to be the interests of America, I shall maintain that the course is to the last degree impolitic and unworthy. Our motto is to "ask nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong." Apart from the sound morality of this sentiment, the wisdom of Solomon could not better express the true policy of a nation situated like our own. It can hardly be pretended, that the "right" for which we ask ought to be purchased at the disgraceful price of abandoning the truth. This would be truly bargaining away a better right for another of less

value. These gentlemen of expedients may beat their brains as much as they please, they will never invent any means so simple, and so sure of attaining the great ends included in the political maxim just quoted, as by adhering to the plain, direct dictates of common honesty. Each trifling temporary advantage they may gain, will certainly and speedily be met by some contingent disadvantage, that will render them losers by the exchange.*

To return to France and the controversy on finance, our opponents had at length the indiscretion to publish a document that they said had been furnished them by some of their "*honorables Américains*," and, by which they attempted to prove some one of their various positions; for, by this

* As respects France, the result has shown the impolicy of the temporizing system. The French government, finding such a disposition to compliance in the agents that were placed near it, by America, has quite reasonably inferred that the mass, at home, acted on the same temporizing and selfish policy, and has treated a solemn compact, that contains a tardy and very insufficient reparation, for some of the greatest outrages that were ever committed by one civilized nation on the rights of another, as a matter quite within its own control. This consequence was foreseen by the writer, and foretold, in a letter that was written in 1832, and published as far back as the year 1833. It was only necessary to be on the spot, and to witness the contempt and indifference engendered by this miserable policy, to predict the events which have since occurred. The accidental situation of Europe has favoured us, and we owe the tardy reparation that has been received, more to Russia than to ourselves.

time they had taken a great many, scarcely any two of which agreed. I have no doubt that this document, in the present instance, did come from "Americans," though it originally came from Capt. Basil Hall. This gentleman had appended to his travels, a table, which purported to contain an arranged statement of the cost of the state governments. You will form some idea of the value of this table, as a political and statistical document, by an exposure of one or two of its more prominent errors. Taking, for instance, our own state; the receipts from the *property* of the state, such as its canal, common school, literature, and other funds, necessarily passing through the treasury, the sum total is made to figure against us, as the annual charge of government; which, by these means, is swelled to five times the real amount. Every one knows that the receipts of the canals alone, the moment that the conditions of the loans effected to construct them, shall admit of their application, will be more than sufficient to meet the entire charges of the state government twice over; but, by this mystified statement, we are made to appear the poorer for every dollar of property we possess! And yet this is the nature of the evidence that some of our people furnished to the writers on the French side of this question, a side that, by their own showing, was the side of monarchy!

But this is not all. A citizen has been found willing, under his own name, to espouse the argu-

ment of the French writers. Of the validity of the statements presented by this gentleman (Mr. Leavitt Harris, of New Jersey) or of the force of his reasoning, I shall say nothing here, for his letter and our answers will sufficiently speak for themselves. The administration party, however, have thought the statements of Mr. Harris of sufficient importance to be published in a separate number of their literary organ, *La Revue Britannique*, and to dwell upon it in all their political organs, as the production of an American, who has been intrusted by his government with high diplomatic missions, and who, consequently, is better authority than an unhonoured citizen like myself, who have no claims to attention beyond those I can assemble in my argument.* The odds, as you will perceive, are greatly against me; for, in these countries, the public know little of the details of government, and it gives a high sanction to testimony of this nature to be able to say it comes from one, who is, or has been connected with an administration. Standing as I do, therefore, contradicted by the alleged opinion (true or false) of Mr. Rives, and by this

* The French writers, to make the most of their witness, exaggerated a little; for, at that time, Mr. Harris had never filled any higher diplomatic station than that of one left *chargé des affaires* of the legation at St. Petersburg, during the absence of Mr. Adams at Ghent. Shortly after the publication of this letter, however, he was appointed by the President and the Senate of the United States of America to represent it at the court of the King of the French, as if *expressly to give value to his testimony.*

statement of Mr. Harris, you will readily conceive that my situation here, is not of the most pleasant nature. Unsalaried and untrusted by my own government, opposed, in appearance at least, by its agents, I am thrown, for the vindication of truth, completely on my own resources, so far as any American succour has been furnished; and am reduced to the narrow consolation of making this simple record of the facts, which, possibly, at some future day, may answer the purpose of an humble protest in favour of the right.

This controversy has, at least, served to remove the mask from this government, on the subject of its disposition towards America and her institutions. To that pretended feeling I have never been even momentarily a dupe; but, failing of arguments—for no talents or ingenuity, after all, can make the wrong the right—most of the writers on the other side of the question, have endeavoured to enliven their logic with abuse. I do not remember any thing, in the palmy days of the Quarterly, that more completely descended to low and childish vituperation than some of the recent attacks on America. Much of what has been written is unmitigated fraud, that has been meant to produce an impression on the public mind, careless of any other object than the end; but much also, I think, has really been imagined to be true, while it is, in fact, the offspring of the prejudices that studied misrepresentation has so deeply implanted in the opinions of Europe. As we are not imma-

culate, of course, a greater portion of their charges is true than one could wish. Some of the allegations are so absurd, that it may amuse you to hear them. The French consider the Sabbath as a day of recreation, and after going to mass, a duty, by the way, that few besides women discharge in Paris, the rest of the time is devoted to dancing and other amusements. With a view to act on the rooted opinions of the nation, on this subject, the American practice of running a chain across the street in front of the churches, to prevent the rattling of the carriages from disturbing the worship, a practice, by the way, that is quite as much European as it is American, and which has never even been very general among us, has been so represented as to induce the French to believe that our streets are in chains, and that even walking, or using a horse, or any vehicle of a Sunday, is a prohibited thing. In addition to a variety of similar absurdities, we are boldly charged with most of the grosser vices, and, in some instances, intimations have been given that our moral condition is the natural consequence of our descent from convicted felons!

To the American, who is a little prone to pride himself on being derived from a stock of peculiar moral purity, this imputation on his origin, sounds extraordinary, and is apt to excite indignation. I dare say you are not prepared to learn, that it was a common, perhaps the prevalent opinion of Europe, that our states were settled by convicts.

That this, until very lately, was the prevalent opinion of Europe, I entertain no doubt, though I think the few last years have produced some change in this respect; more of the popular attention most probably having been attracted to us, within this period, than during the two centuries that preceded it. You will smile to hear, that the common works of fiction have been the material agents in producing the change; information that has been introduced through the medium of amusement, making its way where the graver labours of the historian have never been able to penetrate. *Courier*, the cleverest political writer France has produced, perhaps in any age, and a staunch republican, says, it would be quite as unjust to reproach the modern Romans with being descended from ravishers and robbers, as it is to reproach the Americans with being descended from convicts. He wishes to remove the stigma from his political brethren, but the idea of denying the imputation does not appear to have entered his mind. Jefferson, also, alludes to the subject in some of his letters, apparently in answer to a philosophical inquiry from one of his friends. He estimates the whole number of persons transported to the American colonies, under sentence from the courts, at about two thousand; and, taking into consideration their habits, he was of opinion, half a century ago, that their descendants did not probably exceed the original stock. I do not know where Mr. Jefferson obtained his data for this estimate, but he did not

show his ordinary acuteness in ascribing the reason why the convicts left few or no issue. Women were by far too much in request in America, during the first century or two of its political existence, to admit of the probability of men so openly stamped with infamy from obtaining wives, and I think there existed a physical inability for the propagation of the stock, since very few women were transported at any time. Within the last few months, two instances have occurred in the Chamber of Deputies, of members quoting the example of America, in enforcing their arguments in favour of the possibility of forming respectable communities, by the transportation of criminals!

I had no intention of quoting any part of the controversy on finance, but, on reflection, it may serve a good purpose to give one or two extracts from the letter of Mr. Harris. In order that this may be done fairly, both as it respects the point at issue and the parties concerned, it will be necessary to make a brief preliminary explanation. *M. Sauliner*, the principal writer of the other side, had made it a charge against our system, that nearly all the public money was derived from the customs, which he assumed was a bad mode of obtaining revenue. Let this be as it might, my answer was, that, as between France and America, there was no essential variance of system, the only difference lying in the fact that the one got *all* the revenue it *could* in this manner, and that the other got all it *wanted*. I added, a tax on exports excepted, that all the

usual means of raising revenue known to other nations, were available, at need, to the government of the United States. To this latter opinion Mr. Harris took exceptions, saying, in effect, that the administration of Mr. Adams, the father, had been broken down by resorting to excises, stamp-acts, and direct taxation; and, that since his unfortunate experiment, no administration in America had dreamed even, in time of war, of resorting to a mode of obtaining revenue, which was so offensive, as to produce the revolution of 1776! Of course Mr. Harris was reminded, that the stamp act, of which the colonists complained, was repealed many years before the epoch of 1776; that the revolution proceeded from a denial of the right in parliament to tax the colonies at all, and not from any particular imposition; and that excises and a stamp act had all been resorted to, in the war of 1812, without overturning the administration of Mr. Madison, or weakening that of his successor. But of what avail was a statement of this kind, in opposition to the allegations of one who appeared before Europe in the character of an American diplomate? Mr. Harris enjoyed the double advantage of giving his testimony as one in the confidence of both the French and the American governments, an advantage that a quotation from the statute books themselves could not overcome.

Mr. Harris disposed of one knotty point in this controversy with so much ingenuity, that it de-

serves to be more generally known. Our adversaries had brought the accusation of luxury against the American government, inasmuch as it was said to furnish both a town and a country palace for the President, a degree of magnificence little suspected in France. This point was not treated as a matter of any importance by us, though General La Fayette had slightly and playfully alluded to it, once or twice. The words of Mr. Harris shall speak for themselves: "*Le général La Fayette parait surtout avoir été frappé de l'erreur dans laquelle est tombé l'auteur de la Revue, à l'égard de la belle maison de campagne dont il a doté la presidence; et c'est peut-être là ce qui l' a porté à faire appel à M. le Général Bernard et à M. Cooper.*"

"*L'erreur de l'auteur de la Revue, au sujet de la maison de campagne du president, est de tres peu d'importance. Personne ne sait mieux que le Général La Fayette que la residence affectée par la nation à son president, dans le District de Columbia, est située de manière a jouir des avantages de la ville et de la campagne.*"

Here you perceive the intellectual *finesse* with which we have had to contend. We are charged with the undue luxury of supporting a town and country house for a public functionary; and, disproving the fact, our opponents turn upon us, with a pernicious subtlety, and show, to such a condensing point has the effeminate spirit reached among us, that we have compressed the essence of two such establishments into one! Mr. Harris might

have carried out his argument, and shown also that to such a pass of self-indulgence have we reached, Washington itself is so "situated as to enjoy the advantages of both town and country!"

I have reason to think Mr. Harris gained a great advantage over us by this *tour de logique.* I had, however, a little better luck with another paragraph of his letter. In pages 22 and 23 of this important document, is the following; the state alluded to being Pennsylvania, and the money mentioned the cost of the canals; which Mr. Harris includes in the cost of government, charging, by the way, not only the interest on the loans as an annual burden, but the loans themselves. I translate the text, the letter having appeared in French:—"The greater part of this sum, about twenty-two millions of dollars, has been expended during the last twelve years, that is to say, while the population *was half or two-thirds less than it is to-day,* offering an *average of not more than* 800,000 *souls,* (the present population of Pennsylvania being 1,350,161:) It follows, that each inhabitant has been *taxed* about two and a half dollars, annually, for internal improvements during this period."

I think, under ordinary circumstances, and as against a logician who did not appear supported by the confidence and favour of the government of the United States of America, I might have got along with this quotation, by showing, that 800,000 is neither the *half of,* nor *two-thirds less* than 1,350,161; that, Pennsylvania, so far

from trebling, or even doubling her population in twelve years, had not doubled it in twenty; that Pennsylvania, at the commencement of the period of the twelve years named, had actually a population more than twenty-five per cent. greater than that which Mr. Harris gives as the average of a period, during which he affirms that this population has, at least, doubled; and, by also showing that money borrowed and invested in public works, which are expected to return an ample revenue, cannot be presented as an annual charge against the citizen until he is called on to pay it.

Having said so much about the part that Mr. Harris has had in this controversy, I owe it to truth to add, that his course has, at least, the merit of frankness, and that he is just so much the more to be commended than that portion of our ex-agents and actual agents who have taken the same side of the question, covertly.

I have dwelt on this subject, at some length, because I think it is connected, not only with the truth, but with the character, of America. I have already told you the startling manner in which I was addressed by one of the first men in England, on the subject of the tone of our foreign agents; and, since that time, occasions have multiplied, to learn the mortifying extent to which this unfavourable opinion of their sincerity has spread. If the United States has neither sufficient force, nor sufficient dignity to maintain its interests abroad, without making these sacrifices

of opinion and principle, we are in a worse condition than I had believed; but you will require no logic from me, to understand the effect that must be, and is produced, by this contradiction between the language that is studiously used—used to nauseous affectation—at home, and so much of the language that is used by too many of the agents abroad.

I very well know that the government of the Union guaranties neither the civil nor religious liberty of the citizen, except as against its own action; that any state may create an establishment, or a close hereditary aristocracy, to-morrow, if it please, the general provision that its polity must be that of a republic, meaning no more than that there should not be an hereditary monarchy; and that it is quite within the limits of constitutional possibilities, that the base of the national representation should be either purely aristocratical, purely democratical, or a mixture of both. But, in leaving this option to the states, the constitution has, in no manner, impaired the force of facts. The states have made their election, and, apart from the anomaly of a slave population, the fundamental feature of the general government is democratic. Now, it is indisputably the privilege of the citizen to express the opinions of government that he may happen to entertain. The system supposes consultation and choice, and it would be mockery to maintain that either can exist without entire freedom of thought

and speech. If any man prefer a monarchy to the present polity of the nation, it is his indefeasible right to declare his opinion, and to be exempt from persecution and reproach. He who meets such a declaration in any other manner, than by a free admission of the right, does not *feel* the nature of the institutions under which he lives, for the constitution, in its spirit, every where recognises the principle. But One, greater than the constitution of America, in his divine ordinances, every where denies the right of a man to profess one thing and to mean another. There is an implied pledge given by every public agent that he will not misrepresent what he knows to be the popular sentiment at home, and which popular sentiment, directly or indirectly, has clothed his language with the authority it carries in foreign countries; and there is every obligation of faith, fidelity, delicacy, and discretion, that he should do no discredit to that which he knows to be a distinguishing and vital principle with his constituents. As respects our agents in Europe, I believe little is hazarded in saying, that too many have done injury to the cause of liberty. I have heard this so often from various quarters of the highest respectability,* it has been so fre-

* In 1833, the writer was in discourse with a person who had filled one of the highest political situations in Europe, and he was asked who represented the United States at the court of ———. On being told, this person paused, and then resumed, "I am surprised that your government should employ that man.

quently affirmed in public here, and I have witnessed so much myself, that, perhaps, the subject presents itself with more force to me, on the spot, than it will to you, who can only look at it through the medium of distance and testimony. I make no objection to a rigid neutrality in the strife of opinions that is going on here, but I call for the self-denial of concealing all predilections in favour of the government of one or of the few; and, should any minister of despotism, or political exclusion, presume to cite an American agent as being of his way of thinking, all motives of forbearance would seem to disappear, and, if really an American in more than pretension, it appears to me the time would be come to vindicate the truth with the frankness and energy of a freeman.

He has always endeavoured to ingratiate himself in my favour, by depreciating every thing in his own country." But why name a solitary instance? Deputies, members of parliament, peers of France and of England, and public men of half the nations of Europe, have substantially expressed to the writer, the same opinion, under one circumstance or another, in, perhaps, fifty different instances.

LETTER IV.

DEAR ——,

EVENTS have thickened since my last letter. The cholera gradually disappeared, until it ceased to be the subject of conversation. As soon as the deaths diminished to two or three hundred a day, most people became easy; and when they got below a hundred, the disease might be said to be forgotten. But though the malady virtually disappeared, the public was constantly reminded of its passage by the deaths of those who, by force of extraordinary care, had been lingering under its fatal influence. *M. Casimir Perier* was of the number, and his death has been seized on as a good occasion to pass a public judgment on the measures of the government of the *juste milieu*, of which he has been popularly supposed to be the inventor, as well as the chief promoter. This opinion, I believe, however, to be erroneous. The system of the *juste milieu* means little more than to profess one thing and to do another; it is a stupendous fraud, and sooner or later will be so viewed and appropriately rewarded. It is a profession of liberty, with a secret intention to re-

turn to a government of force, availing itself of such means as offer, of which the most obvious, at present, are the stagnation of trade and the pressing necessities of all who depend on industry, in a country that is taxed nearly beyond endurance. Neither *M. Perier*, nor any other man, is the prime mover of such a system, for it depends on the father of lies, who usually employs the most willing agents he can discover. The inventor of the policy, *sub Diabolo*, is now in London. M. Perier had the merits of decision, courage, and business talents, and, so far from being the founder of the present system, he had a natural frankness, the usual concomitant of courage, that, under other circumstances, I think, would have indisposed him to its deceptions. But he was a manufacturer, and his spinning jennies were very closely connected with his political faith. Another state of the market would, most probably, have brought him again into the liberal ranks.

The funeral obsequies of M. Perier having been loudly announced, as a test of public opinion, I walked out, the morning they took place, to view the pomp. It amounted to little more than the effect which the patronage of the ministry can at any time produce. There was a display of troops and of the *employés* of the government, but little apparent sympathy on the part of the mass of the population. As the deceased was a man of many good qualities, this indifference was rather studied, proceeding from the discipline and collision of

party politics. As an attempt to prove that the *juste milieu* met with popular approbation, I think the experiment was a failure.

Very different was the result, in a similar attempt made by the opposition, at the funeral of Gen. Lamarque. This distinguished officer fell, also a victim to the cholera, and his interment took place on the 4th of June. The journals of the opposition had called upon its adherents to appear on this occasion, in order to convince the King and his ministers, that they were pursuing a dangerous course, and one in which they were not sustained by the sentiment of the nation. The preparations wore a very different appearance from those made on the previous occasion. Then every thing clearly emanated from authority; now, the government was visible in little besides its arrangements to maintain its own ascendency. The military rank of the deceased entitled him to a military escort, and this was freely accorded to his friends; perhaps the more freely, from the fact that it sanctioned the presence of so many more bayonets, that were believed to be at the command of the ministers. It was said there were twenty thousand of the National Guards present in uniform, wearing, however, only their side arms. This number may have been exaggerated, but there certainly were a great many. The whole procession, including the troops, has been estimated at a hundred thousand men. The route was by the *boulevards* to the *jardin des plantes*,

where the body was to be delivered to the family of the deceased, in order to be transported to the south of France for interment. Having other engagements, I merely viewed the preparations, and the commencement of the ceremonies, when I returned to our own quiet quarter of the town to pursue my own quiet occupations.

The day passed quietly enough with us, for the *Faubourg St. Germain* has so many large hotels, and so few shops, that crowds are never common, and, on this occasion, all the floating population appeared to have completely deserted us, to follow the procession of poor *Lamarque*. I do not remember to have alluded to the change produced in this particular, by the cholera, in the streets of Paris. It is supposed that at least ten thousand of those who have no other abodes, except the holes into which they crept at night, were swept out of them by this fell disease.

About five o'clock I had occasion to go to the *rue de Rivoli*, and I found the streets and the garden with much fewer people in them than was usual at that hour. There I heard a rumour that a slight disturbance had taken place on the *Boulevards Italiens*, in consequence of a refusal of the *Duc de Fitzjames*, a leading Carlist, to take off his hat to the body of Lamarque, as he stood at a balcony. I had often met M. de Fitzjames in society, and, although a decided friend of the old *régime*, I knew his tone of feeling and manners to be too good, to credit a tale so idle. By

a singular coincidence, the only time I had met with General Lamarque in private, was at a little dinner given by Madame de M——, at which Monsieur de Fitzjames was also a guest. We were but five or six at table, and nothing could be more amicable, or in better taste, than the spirit of conciliation and moderation that prevailed between men so widely separated by opinion. This was not long before Gen. Lamarque was attacked by his final disease, and as there appeared to me to be improbability in the rumour of the affair of the *Boulevards*, I quite rightly set it down as one of the exaggerations that daily besiege our ears. It being near six, I consequently returned home to dinner, supposing that the day would end as so many had ended before.

We were at table, or it was about half past six o'clock, when the drum beat the *rappel*. At one period, scarcely a day passed that we did not hear this summons; indeed, so frequent did it become, that I make little doubt the government resorted to it as an expedient to strengthen itself, by disgusting the National Guards with the frequency of the calls; but of late, the regular weekly parades excepted, we had heard nothing of it. A few minutes later, *François*, who had been sent to the *porte-cochère*, returned with the intelligence that a soldier of the National Guard had just passed it, bleeding at a wound in the head. On receiving this information, I left the hotel, and proceeded towards the river. In the

rue du Bac, the great thoroughfare of the *Faubourg*, I found a few men, and most of the women, at their shop-doors, and *porte-cochères*, but no one could say what was going on in the more distant quarters of the town. There were a few people on the quays and bridges, and, here and there, a solitary National Guard was going to his place of rendezvous. I walked rapidly through the garden, which, at that hour, was nearly empty, as a matter of course, and passing under the arch of the palace, crossed the court, and the *Carrousel* to *la rue Richlieu*. A profound calm reigned in and about the *château*. The sentinels and loungers of the Guards, seeming as tranquil as usual. There was no appearance of any coming and going with intelligence, and I inferred that the royal family was either at St. Cloud, or at Neuilly. Very few people were in the *place*, or in the streets, but those who were, paused occasionally, looking about them with curiosity, and almost uniformly in a bewildered and inquiring manner.

I had reached the collonade of *la Theâtre Français*, when a strong party of *gens d'armes à cheval* went scouring up the street, at a full gallop. Their passage was so swift and sudden, that I cannot say in which direction they came, or whither they went, with the exception that they took the road to the *boulevards*. A *gens d'armes à pied* was the only person near me, and I asked him, if he could explain the reason of the movement.

"*Je n'en sais n'en,*" in the *brusque* manner that the French soldiers are a little apt to assume, when it suits their humours, was all the reply I got.

I walked leisurely into the galleries of the *Palais Royal*, which I had never before seen so empty. There was but a single individual in the garden, and he was crossing it swiftly, in the direction of the theatre. A head was, now and then, thrust out of a shop-door, but I never before witnessed such a calm in this place, which is usually alive with people. Passing part of the way through one of the glazed galleries, I was startled by a general clatter that sprung up all around me in every direction, and which extended itself entirely around the whole of the long galleries. The interruption to the previous profound quiet, was as sudden as the report of a gun, and it became general, as it were, in an instant I can liken the effect, after allowing for the difference in the noises, to that of letting fly sheets, tacks, and halyards, on board a vessel of war, in a squall, and to a sudden call to shorten sail. The place was immediately filled with men, women, and children, and the clatter proceeded from the window-shutters that were going up all over the vast edifice, at the same moment. In less than five minutes there was not a shop-window exposed.

Still there was no apparent approach of danger. The drums had almost ceased beating, and as I

reached the *Carrousel*, on my way back to the *rue St. Dominique*, I saw nothing in the streets to justify all this alarm, which was either the result of a panic, or was calculated for political effect; artifice acting on apprehension. A few people were beginning to collect on the bridges and quays, and there was evidently a greater movement towards the *pont neuf*, than in the lower parts of the town. As I crossed the *pont royal*, a brigade of light artillery came up the quays from the *ecole militaire*, the horses on the jump, and the men seated on the carriages, or mounted, as belongs to this arm. The noise and hurry of their passage was very exciting, and it gave an impulse to the shop-keepers of the *rue du Bac*, most of whom now began to close their windows. The guns whirled across the bridge, and dashed into the *Carrousel*, on a gallop, by the *guichet* of the *Louvre*.

Continuing down the *rue du Bac*, the street was full of people, chiefly females, who were anxiously looking towards the bridge. One *garçon*, as he aided his master in closing the shop-window, was edifying him with anathemas against "*ces messieurs les républicains*," who were believed to be at the bottom of the disturbance, and for whom he evidently thought that the artillery augured badly. The next day he would be ready to shout *vive la république* under a new impulse; but, at present, it is "*vive le commerce!*"

On reaching the *hôtel*, I gave my account of

what was going on, pacified the apprehensions that had naturally been awakened, and sallied forth, a second time, to watch the course of events.

By this time some forty or fifty National Guards were collected on the quay, by the *pont royal*, a point where there ought to have been several hundreds. This was a sinister omen for the government, nor was the appearance of the crowd much more favourable. Tens of thousands now lined the quays, and loaded the bridges, nor were these people rabble, or *sans culottes*, but decent citizens, most of whom observed a grave, and, as I thought, a portentous silence. I make no manner of doubt that had a thousand determined men appeared among them, at that moment, headed by a few leaders of known character, the government of Louis Phillipe would have dissolved like melting snow. Neither the National Guard, the army, nor the people were with it. Every one evidently waited the issue of events, without manifesting much concern for the fate of the present *régime*. Indeed, it is not easy to imagine greater apathy, or indifference to the result, than was nearly every where visible. A few shop-keepers alone seemed troubled.

On the *pont royal* a little crowd was collected around one or two men of the classes laboring, who were discussing the causes of the disturbance. First questioning a respectable-looking by-stander as to the rumours, I mingled with the throng, in order to get an idea of the manner in which the

people regarded the matter. It would seem that a collision had taken place between the troops and a portion of the citizens, and that a charge had been made by a body of cavalry on some of the latter, without having observed the formalities required by the law. Some of the people had raised the cry "*aux armes;*" several *corps de garde* had been disarmed, and many thousands were rallying in defence of their liberties. In short, every thing wore the appearance of the commencement of another revolution. The point discussed by the crowd, was the right of the dragoons to charge a body of citizens without reading the riot-act, or making what the French call, the "*sommations.*" I was struck with the plain common sense of one or two of the speakers, who were of the class of artisans, and who uttered more good raeson, and displayed more right feeling, in the five minutes I listened, than one is apt to meet with, on the same subjects, in a year, in the *salons* of Paris. I was the more struck by this circumstance, in consequence of the manner in which the same topic had been broached, quite lately, in the Chamber of Deputies.

In one of the recent affairs, in the east of France, the troops had fired on a crowd, without the previous *sommations*, in consequence, as was alleged, of some stones being hurled from the crowd against themselves. Every one, who has the smallest knowledge of a government of laws, understands its action in an affair of this sort. Ten

thousand people are in a street, in their own right, and half a dozen of them commit an outrage. Military force becomes necessary, but before it is applied certain forms are required, to notify the citizen that his ordinary rights are suspended, in the interests of public order, and to warn him to go away. This is a provision that the commonest intellect can understand, and yet some of the leading administration men, *lawyers too*, maintained that soldiers had the rights of other men, and if stones were hurled at them from a crowd, they were perfectly justifiable in using their arms against that crowd! It is only necessary, you will perceive, to employ an agent, or two, to cast a few stones from a crowd, to place every collection of citizens at the mercy of an armed force, on this doctrine. A soldier has the right of a citizen to defend himself, beyond dispute, against the man who assails him, but a citizen who is assailed from a crowd has no right to discharge a pistol into that crowd, by way of defending himself. But this is of a piece with most of the logic of the friends of exclusion. Their cause is bad, and their reasoning is necessarily bad also.

From the *pont royal* I proceeded to the *pont neuf*, where the collection of people was still more numerous, every eye being fastened on the quays in the direction of the *place de la Bastile*, near which the disturbance had commenced. Nothing, however, was visible, though, once or twice, we

heard a scattering fire of musketry. I waited here an hour, but nothing farther was heard, and, according to promise, I returned to the hotel, to repeat the little I had seen and gathered. In passing, I observed that the number of national guards at the *pont royal* had increased to about a hundred.

After quieting the apprehensions of my family, I proceeded to quiet those of a lady of my acquaintance, who was nearly alone in her lodgings. I found her filled with apprehensions, and firmly believing that the present government was to be overturned. Among other things she told me that the populace had drawn General La Fayette, in triumph, to his own house, and that, previously to the commencement of the conflict, he had been presented with a *bonnet rouge*, which he had put upon his head. The *bonnet rouge*, you will understand, with all Frenchmen, is a symbol of extreme Jacobinism, and of the reign of terror. I laughed at her fears, and endeavoured to convince her that the idle tale about General La Fayette could not be true. So far from wishing to rule by terror, it was his misfortune not to resort to the measures of caution that were absolutely necessary to maintain his own legal ascendency, whenever he got into power. He was an enthusiast for liberty, and acted on the principle that others were as well disposed and as honest as himself. But to all this she turned a deaf ear, for, though an amiable and a sensible woman, she

had been educated in the prejudices of a *caste*, being the daughter and sister of peers of France.

I found the tale about General La Fayette quite rife, on going again into the streets. The disposition to give credit to vulgar reports of this nature, is not confined to those whose condition in life naturally dispose them to believe the worst of all above them, for the vulgar-minded form a class more numerous than one might be induced to think, on glancing a look around him. Liberality and generosity of feeling is the surest test of a gentleman; but, in addition to those of training and of a favourable association, except in very peculiar cases, they are apt to require some strong natural advantages, to help out the tendencies of breeding and education. Every one who has seen much of the world, must have remarked the disposition, on the part of those who have not had the same opportunities, to cavil at opinions and usages that they cannot understand, merely because they do not come within the circle of their own every day and familiar usages. Our own country abounds with these rustic critics; and I can remember the time when there was a species of moral impropriety attached to practices that did not enter into every man's habits. It was almost deemed immoral to breakfast or dine at an hour later than one's neighbour. Now, just this sort of feeling, one quite as vulgar, and much more malignant, prevails in Europe against those who may see fit to entertain more

liberal notions in politics than others of their class. In England, I have already told you, the system is so factitious, and has been so artfully constructed, by blending church and state, that it must be an uncommonly clever man who, in politics, can act vigorously on the golden rule of Christ, that of doing "unto others, as you would have others do unto you," and escape the imputation of infidelity! A desire to advance the interests of his fellow-creatures, by raising them in the social scale, is almost certain to cause a man to be set down as destitute of morals and honesty. By imputations of this nature, the efforts and influence of some of the best men England has ever produced, have been nearly neutralized, and there is scarcely a distinguished liberal in the kingdom, at this moment, whom even the well meaning of the church-and-state-party do not regard with a secret distrust of his intentions and character. In the practice of imitation this feeling has even extended (though in a mitigated form) to America, a country in which, were the truth felt and understood, a man could not possibly fulfil all the obligations of education and superior training, without being of the party of the people. Many gentlemen in America, beyond dispute, are not of the popular side, but I am of opinion that they make a fundamental mistake *as gentlemen*. They have permitted the vulgar feelings generated by contracted associations and the insignificant evils of a neighbourhood, to still within them the high

feelings and generous tendencies that only truly belong to the caste.

In France, the English feeling, modified by circumstances, is very apparent, although it is not quite so much the fashion to lay stress on mere morality. The struggle of selfishness and interests is less veiled and mystified in France than on the other side of the channel. But the selfish principle, if any thing, is more active; and few struggle hard for others, without being suspected of base motives.

By looking back at the publications of the time, you will learn the manner in which Washington was vituperated by his enemies, at the commencement of the revolution. Graydon, in his "Memoirs of a Life spent in Pennsylvania," mentions a discourse he held with a young English officer, who evidently was well disposed, and wished to know the truth. This gentleman had been taught to believe Washington an adventurer, who had squandered the property of a young widow whom he had married, by gambling and dissipation, and who was now ready to embark in any desperate enterprise to redeem his fortune! This, then, was probably the honest opinion the British army, in 1776, entertained of the man, whom subsequent events have shown to have been uniformly actuated by the noblest sentiments, and who, instead of being the adventurer represented, is known to have put in jeopardy a large estate, through disinterested devotion to the country,

and the prevailing predominant trait of whose character was an inflexible integrity of purpose. Now, La Fayette is obnoxious to a great deal of similar vulgar feeling, without being permitted, by circumstances, to render the purity of his motives as manifest, as was the better fortune of his great model, Washington. The unhandsome and abrupt manner in which he was dismissed from the command of the National Guards, though probably a peace offering to the allies, was also intended to rob him of the credit of a voluntary resignation.*—But, all this time, we are losing sight of what is passing in the streets of Paris.

Troops of the line began to appear in large bodies as the evening closed, and the reports now came so direct as to leave no doubt that there was

* General La Fayette took the republican professions of the King too literally, at first, and he did not always observe the *ménagement*, perhaps, that one seated on a throne, even though it be a popular one, is apt to expect. In 1830 he told the writer the King had, that morning, said, that some about him called the General a "*maire du palais.*" On being asked if the King appeared to entertain the same notion, his answer was, "Well, he professes not to; but then I think he has *tant soit peu* of the same feeling. This was ticklish ground to stand on with a sovereign, and, perhaps, a case without a parallel in France, since the days of *Hugues Capet*. A few weeks later, General La Fayette related another conversation held with Louis Philippe, on the subject of his own unceremonious dismissal from office. "You shall be named *honorary* Commander in Chief of the National Guards, for life," said the King. "Sire, how would you like to be an honorary king?" It is quite apparent that such a friendship could not last for ever.

a sharp contest going on in the more narrow streets of the *quartier Mont-Martre.* All this time the feelings of the crowd on the bridges and quays appeared to be singularly calm. There was little or no interest manifested in favour of either side, and, indeed, it would not be easy to say what the side opposed to the government was. The Carlists looked distrustful, the republicans bold, and the *juste milieu* alarmed.

I went back to the hotel to make my report, again, about nine, and then proceeded by the *quai* and the *Pont Louis XVI.* to the *Carrousel.* By the way, I believe I have forgotten to say, in any of my letters, that in crossing the *place Louis XVI.*, with a French friend, a month or two since, he informed me he had lately conversed with Count ——, who had witnessed the execution of Louis XVI., and that he was told there was a general error prevalent as regarded the spot where the guillotine was erected on that occasion. According to this account, which it is difficult to believe is not correct, it was placed on the side of the *place* near the spot where the carriages for Versailles usually stand, and just within the *borgnes* that line the road that here diverges towards the quay. While correcting popular errors of this sort, I will add that *M. Guillotine,* the inventor of the instrument that bears his name, is, I believe, still living; the story of his having been executed on his own machine, being pure poetry.

Passing by the *rue de Rivoli*, I went to see an English lady of our acquaintance, who resided in this quarter of the town. I found her alone, uneasy, and firmly persuaded that another revolution had commenced. She was an aristocrat by position, and, though reasonably liberal, anxious to maintain the present order of things, like all the liberal aristocrats, who believe it to be the last stand against popular sway. She has also friends and connexions about the person of the King, and probably considered their fortunes as, in some measure, involved in those of the court. We condoled with each other, as a matter of course; she, because there was a revolution, and I, because the want of faith and the stupendous frauds practised under the present system, rendered it necessary.

It was near eleven o'clock before I quitted this part of the town. The streets were nearly deserted, a patrol occasionally passing; but the strangers were few, scarcely any having yet returned after their flight from the cholera. The gates of the garden were closed, and I found sentinels at the *guichets* of the *Carrousel*, who prevented my return by the usual route. Unwilling to make the *détour* by the way I had come, I proceeded by the *rue de Rivoli*. As I was walking quite near to the palace, in order to avoid some mud, I came suddenly on a *guard National* who was placed behind a sentry-box *en faction*. I cannot describe to you the furious scream with which this man cried "*allez au large.*" If he

took me for a body of bloody minded republicans, rushing forward to disarm him, I certainly thought he was some wild beast. The man was evidently frightened, and just in a condition to take every bush for an enemy. It is true the other party was rather actively employed in disarming the different guards, but this fellow was within a hundred feet of the *Etat Major*, and in no sort of danger. Notwithstanding the presented bayonet, I am not quite certain he would not have dropped his arms had I lifted my walking stick, though one runs more hazard from a robber, or a sentinel, who is frightened, than from one who is cool. There was, however, no blood shed.

Finding the Carrousel closed to me, I passed into the *rue St. Honoré*, which was also pretty well garnished with troops. A few truculent youths were shouting a short distance ahead of me, but, on the appearance of a patrol, they ran off. At length I got as far as the *rue coq St. Honoré*, and seeing no one in the street, I turned short round its corner, thinking to get into the court of the Louvre, and to the other side of the river by the *Pont des Arts*. Instead of effecting this clever movement, I ran plump on a body of troops, who were drawn up directly across the street, in a triple line. This was a good position, for the men were quite protected from a fire, up or down the great thoroughfare, while by wheeling on either flank they were ready to act, in a moment, in either direction.

My reception was not flattering, but the officer in command was too cool, to mistake a solitary individual for a band of rebels, and I was suffered to continue up the *rue St. Honoré.* I got into the rear of this guard by turning through the next opening. The court of the Louvre was unguarded and empty, and passing through it, I got a glimpse of a picturesque *bivouac* of troops in the *Carrousel.* Seeing no obstruction, I went in that direction, and penetrated to the very rear of a squadron of *cuirassiers,* who were dismounted, forming the outer line of the whole body. There may have been three or four thousand men of all arms, assembled in this spot, chiefly, if not all, regular troops. I staid among them unobserved, or at least, unmolested, near half an hour, watching the effect of the different groups, by the light of the camp fires. Strong patrols, principally cavalry, went and came constantly, and scarcely five minutes passed without the arrival and departure of mounted expresses, the head quarters of the National Guards being in the palace.

It was drawing towards midnight, and I bethought me of the uneasiness of those I had left in the *rue St. Dominique.* I was retiring by the upper *guichet,* the only one unguarded, and had nearly reached it, when a loud shout was heard on the quay. This sounded like service, and it was so considered by the troops, for the order "*aux armes*" was given in a moment. The cuirassiers mounted, wheeled into platoons, and trotted

briskly towards the enemy with singular expedition. Unluckily, they directed their advance to the very *guichet* which I was also approaching. The idea of being caught between two fires, and that in a quarrel which did not concern me, was not agreeable. The state of things called for decision, and knowing the condition of affairs in the *carrousel*, I preferred siding with the *juste milieu*, for once in my life.

The *cuirassiers* were too much in a hurry to get through the *guichet*, which was a defile, and too steady, to cut me down in passing, and, first giving them a few minutes to take the edge off the affair, if there was to be any fighting, I followed them to the quay.

This alarm was real, I understood, next day, but the revolters made their retreat by the *Pont des Arts*, which is impracticable for cavalry, attacking and carrying a *corps de garde*, in the *quartier St. Jacques*. The *cuirassiers* were trotting briskly towards the *Pont Neuf*, in order to get at them, when I came out on the quay, and, profiting by the occasion, I got across the river, by the *Pont des Arts*.

It was strange to find myself alone on this bridge at midnight, in the heart of a great capital, at a moment when its streets were filled with troops, while contending factions were struggling for the mastery, and perhaps the fate of not only France, but of all Europe was hanging on the issue! Excited by these reflections, I paused to contemplate the scene.

I have often told you how picturesque and beautiful Paris appears viewed from her bridges. The finest position is that of the *Pont Royal*, but the *Pont des Arts*, at night, perhaps affords even more striking glimpses of those ancient, tall, angular buildings along the river, that, but for their forms and windows, would resemble low rocky cliffs. In the centre of this mass of dwellings, among its damp and narrow streets, into which the sun rarely penetrates, lay bodies of men, sleeping on their arms, or merely waiting for the dawn, to decide the fate of the country. It was carrying one back to the time of the "*League*" and the "*Fronde*," and I involuntarily cast my eyes to that balconied window in the Louvre, where Charles IXth is said to have stood when he fired upon the flying Protestants. The brooding calm that reigned around was both characteristic and strange. Here was an empire in jeopardy, and yet the population had quietly withdrawn into their own abodes, awaiting the issue with as much apparent tranquillity, as if the morrow was to be like another day. Use, and a want of sympathy between the governed and their governors, had begotten this indifference.

When I reached the *quai Voltaire* not a man was visible, except a picket on the *Pont Royal*. Not knowing but some follower of the House of Orleans, more loyal than usual, might choose to detain me, because I came from America, I passed down one of the first streets, entering the *Rue du Bac*, at some distance from the bridge. I met but

half a dozen people, between the quays and the *hôtel de* ——, and all the shops were hermetically sealed. As soon as I entered, the porter shut and barred the gate of our own hotel, and we retired, to rise and see what a "night might bring forth."

"*Les cannons grondent dans les rues, Monsieur,*" was the remark of the porter as I passed out into the street next morning. The population was circulating freely in our part of the town; the shops, too, were re-opened, and it appeared to be pretty generally understood that no fighting was to take place in that vicinity. Passing up the *rue du Bac,* I met three *gardes nationaux,* who, by their conversation, were fresh from the field, having passed the night in what may be called the enemies' country. They were full of marvels, and, in their own opinion, full of glory.

The streets were now alive with people, the quays and bridges being still resorted to, on account of their affording an unobstructed avenue to the sounds that came from the quarter where the conflict was going on. Occasionally, a discharge of musketry reached these spots, and once or twice I heard the report of a gun; but the firing was desultory, far from heavy, and irregular.

In the *Carrousel* I met an English acquaintance, and we agreed to go towards the scene of action together, in order to learn what was going on. My companion was loud in his complaints against the revolters, who, he said, would retard the progress of liberty half a century, by their rashness.

The government would put them down, and profit by its victory to use strong measures. I have learned to distrust the liberalism of some of the English, who are too apt to consult their own national interests, in regarding the rights of their neighbours. This you will say is no more than human nature, which renders all men selfish. True; but the concerns of few nations being as extensive, varied, and artificial as those of England, the people of other countries are not liable to be influenced by so many appeals to divert them from a sound and healthful state of feeling. England, as a nation, has never been a friend of liberty in other nations, as witness her long and bitter hostility to ourselves, to France and Holland, and her close alliances with Turkey, Persia, &c. &c. Just at this moment, apprehension of Russia causes her to dilate a little more than usual on the encouragement of liberty, but it is a mystification that can deceive no one of the least observation. Of whatever sins England is to be accused, as a nation, she cannot be accused of that of political propogandism. Even her own recent progress in liberty, has been the result of foreign and external example. I now speak of the state, which extends its influence very far into society, but there are many individuals who carry their principles as far as any men on earth. This latter class, moreover, is largely and rapidly on the increase, has always effected, and will still effect, far more, than the state itself in favor of freedom.

We went by the *Palais Royal*, the *Passages Vivienne*, and *du Panorama*, to the *Boulevards*. The

streets were filled with people, as on a *fête*, and there appeared, still, to be a good deal of anxiety as to the result. There were plenty of troops, report saying that sixty thousand men were under arms, on the side of the government. Half that number would suffice to assure its success, unless there should prove to be disaffection. Had a single regiment of the line declared against the king, the previous day, or even on the 6th of June, Louis Philippe, in my opinion, would have been dethroned. But, so far as I can learn, none of the principal persons of the opposition appeared against him, on this occasion, or seemed to have any connexion with the affair.

My companion left me on the *Boulevards*, and I proceeded towards the *Porte St. Denis*, where there was evidently something like a contest. There was a little firing, and I met one or two wounded men, who were retiring to their *casernes*. One was shot through the body. But the affair at the *Porte St. Denis* proved to be nothing serious, and was soon over. The revolters had retired into the *Rue St. Méry*, where they were closely encircled by large bodies of troops, and whither I did not deem it prudent to follow them. The struggle, in that direction, was much sharper, and we occasionally heard cannon.

You will probably be curious to know if one did not feel uneasy, in walking about the streets of a town, while so many men were contending in its streets. A moment's reflection will show you that

there was little or no danger. One could find a cover in a moment. The streets were thronged, and it was little probable that either party would wantonly fire on the mass. The contest was confined to a particular part of the town, and then a man of ordinary discretion would hardly be so silly as to expose himself unnecessarily, in a quarrel with which he had no concern. Women and children were certainly killed on this occasion, but it was probably under circumstances that did not, in the least, affect the great body of the inhabitants.

The *cafés* were frequented as usual, and a little distance from the scene of action, every thing wore the air of an ordinary Sunday, on which the troops were to be reviewed. The morning passed in this manner, when, about four o'clock, I again found myself at the *Pont Royal*, after paying a visit to the hotel. Here I met two American friends, and we walked by the quay of the palace, towards the *Pont Neuf*. The people were in a dense crowd, and it was even difficult to penetrate the mass. Just before we reached the bridge, we heard shouts and cries of *vive le roi*, and presently I saw *M. de Chabot-Rohan*, the first honorary *aide de camp*, a gentleman whom I personally knew, and who usually led the *cortège* of the king. It would seem that Louis Philippe had arrived from the country, and had passed by the *Boulevards* to the *Place de la Bastile*, whence he was now returning to the Tuileries, by the quays. His appearance in the

streets, during such a scene, has been much lauded, and the firmness necessary to the occasion, much dwelt on, in the papers. A very timid man might certainly have been afraid to expose his person in this manner, but the risk was by no means as great as has been supposed. The *cortège* was nowhere under fire, nor, but for a few minutes, near the scene of action, and it was not easy to assassinate a man moving through streets that were filled with troops. *Au reste* there is no reason whatever to suppose the king would not have behaved personally well, in far more critical circumstances.* The royal party passed into the *Carrousel* by the court of the *Louvre*, while we turned upon the bridge.

The *Pont Neuf* was crowded with troops, who occupied the *trottoirs*, and with men, women, and children. There had been some skirmishing at the *Place de Grêve*, and the scene of the principal contest, the *Rue St. Méry*, was near by. We were slowly threading the crowd with our faces towards the island, when a discharge of musketry, (four or five pieces at most) directly behind us, and quite near, set every body in motion. A flock

* I once asked Gen. La Fayette his opinion of the nerve of the Duc d'Orleans, (*Egalité*.) He laughed, and said the king had made an appeal to him quite lately, on the same subject. "And the answer?" "I told his Majesty that I believed his father was a *brave* man; but, you may be sure, I was glad he did not ask me if I thought he was an *honest* one, too."

of sheep would not have scattered in greater confusion, at the sudden appearance of a strange dog among them, than the throng on the bridge began to scamper. Fear is the most contagious of all diseases, and, for a moment, we found ourselves running with the rest. A jump or two sufficed, however, and we stopped. Two soldiers, one a national guard, and the other a young conscript, belonging to the line, caught my eye, and knowing there was no danger, we had time to stop and laugh at them. The national guard was a little *Mayeux*-looking fellow, with an abdomen like a pumpkin, and he had caught hold of his throat, as if it were actually to prevent his heart from jumping out of his mouth. A caricature of fright could scarcely be more absurd. The young conscript, a fair red-haired youth, was as white as a sheet, and he stood with his eyes and mouth open, like one who thought he saw a ghost, immoveable as a statue. He was sadly frightened, too. The boy would probably have come to, and proved a good soldier in the end; but as for Mr. *Mayeux*, although scarcely five feet high, he appeared as if he could never make himself short enough. He had evidently fancied the whole affair a good joke, up to that precise moment, when, for the first time, the realities of a campaign burst upon his disordered faculties. The troops in general, while they pricked up their ears, disdained even to shoulder their arms. For those on the bridge, there was, in truth, no danger, although the nearness of the

volley, and the suddenness of the alarm, were well adapted to set a crowd in motion. The papers next day, said one or two had been slain by this discharge, which actually came from the revolters.

You will probably be surprised, when I tell you that I had an engagement to dine to-day, with a gentleman who fills a high situation near the person of the king. He had sent me no notice of a postponement, and as I had seen him pass in the *cortège*, I was reminded that the hour to dress was near. Accordingly, I returned home, in order to prove to him that I was as indifferent as any Frenchman could be, to the events we had all just witnessed. I found a dozen people assembled in the drawing-room of Madame ———, at 6 o'clock precisely, the same as if Paris were quite tranquil. The General had not yet returned, but I was enabled to report that he had entered the palace in safety. A moment before the dinner was announced, he returned, and brought the information that the revolt was virtually suppressed, a few desperate individuals, who had thrown themselves into a church, alone holding out. He was in high spirits, and evidently considered the affair a triumph to Louis Philippe.

LETTER V.

DEAR ——,

The day after the contest was closed, I went to the *Louvre*, where I usually met Mr. M——, who was busy copying. He was almost alone, in the long and gorgeous galleries, as in the days of the cholera; but we got a view of the national guards that had been concerned in the affair of the previous day, who were drawn up in the court of the palace to receive the thanks of the king. There could not have been five thousand of them, but all might not have been present.

From the Louvre I went to look at the principal scene of action. A collection of some of the unclaimed dead was in the *morgue*, and every one was allowed to enter. There were fifty or sixty bodies in this place, and among them were a few women and children, who had probably been killed by accident. Nearly all had fallen by gun-shot wounds, principally musket balls; but a few had been killed by grape. As the disaffected had fought under cover most of the time, I fancy the cavalry did little in this affair. It was whispered

that agents of the police were present to watch the countenances and actions of the spectators, with a view to detect the disaffected.

As we had several of Napoleon's soldiers at dinner yesterday, and they had united to praise the military character of the position taken by the revolters, I was curious to examine it. The *Rue St. Méry* is narrow, and the houses are high. The tower of the church is a little advanced, so as to enfilade it, in a manner, and the paving stones had been used to make barricades, as in 1830. These stones are much larger than our own, are angular, and of a size that works very well into a wall, and the materials being plenty, a breast-work, that is proof against every thing but artillery, is soon formed by a crowd. Two streets entered the *Rue St. Méry* near each other, but not in a right line, so that the approach along each is commanded by the house that stands across its end. One of these houses appears to have been a citadel of the disaffected, and most of the fighting was at and near this spot. Artillery had been brought up against the house in question, which was completely riddled, though less injured by round shot, than one could have thought possible. The windows were broken, and the ceilings of the upper rooms were absolutely torn to pieces by musket balls, that had entered on the rise. Some twenty or thirty dead were found in this dwelling.

I had met Col. ——, in the course of the morning, and we visited this spot together. He told me

that curiosity had led him to penetrate as far as this street, which faces the citadel of the revolters, the previous day, and he showed me a *porte-cochère*, under which he had taken shelter, during a part of the attack. The troops engaged, were a little in advance of him, and he described them as repeatedly recoiling from the fire of the house, which, at times, was rather sharp. The troops, however, were completely exposed, and fought to great disadvantage. Several hundreds must have been killed and wounded at and near this spot.

There existed plain proof of the importance of nerve in battle, in a shot that just appeared sticking in the wall of one of the lateral buildings, nearly opposite the *porte-cochère*, where Col. —— had taken shelter. The artillerist who pointed the gun from which it had been discharged, had the two sides of the street to assist his range, and yet his shot had hit one of the lateral buildings, at no great distance from the gun, and at a height that would have sent it far above the chimnies of the house at which it was fired! But any one in the least acquainted with life, knows that great allowances must be made for the poetry, when he reads of "charges," "free use of the bayonet," and "braving murderous discharges of grape." Old and steady troops do sometimes display extraordinary fortitude, but I am inclined to think that the most brilliant things are performed by those who have been drilled just long enough to obey orders and act together, but who are still so young as not

to know exactly the amount of the risk they run. Extraordinary acts of intrepidity are related of the revolters on this occasion, which are most probably true, as this desperate self-devotion, under a state of high excitement, enters fully into the composition of the character of the French, who are more distinguished for their dashing than for their enduring qualities.

The *Rue St. Méry* exhibited proofs of the late contest, for some distance, but no where had the struggle been so fierce as at the house just mentioned. The church had been yielded the last, but it did not strike me that there had been as sharp fighting near it, as at the other place.

It was a strange spectacle to witness the population of a large town crowding through its streets, curious to witness the scene of a combat that so nearly touched their own interests, and yet apparently regarding the whole with entire indifference to every thing but the physical results. I thought the sympathies of the throng were with the conquered rather than with their conquerors, and this more from admiration of their prowess, than from any feeling of a political character, for no one appeared to know who the revolters were.

In the course of the morning I met —— ——— in the street. He is one of the justest minded men of my acquaintance, and I have never known him attempt to exaggerate the ill conduct of his political opponents, or to extenuate the errors of those to whom he belongs. Speaking of this affair, he

was of opinion that the government had endeavoured to bring it on, with the certainty that success would strengthen them, but, at the same time, he thought it useless to deny that there was a plot to overturn the present dynasty. According to his impressions, the spontaneous movements of the disaffected were so blended with those that proceeded from the machinations of the government to provoke a premature explosion, that it was not easy to say which predominated, or where the line of separation was to be drawn. I presume this is the true state of the case, for it is too much to say that France is ever free from political plots.

The public had been alarmed, this morning, by rumours of an intention on the part of government to declare Paris in a state of siege, which is tantamount to bringing us all under martial law. This savors more of the *régime Napoleon*, than of the promised liberty that was to emanate from the three days. The opposition are beginning to examine the charter, in order to ascertain what their rights are on paper, but what avails a written compact, or indeed any other compact, against the wants and wishes of those who have the power. The *cour de cassation*, however, is said to be composed of a majority of Carlists, and, by way of commentary on the wants of the last two years, the friends of liberty have some hopes yet from these nominees of the Bourbons! We live in a droll world, dear ——, and one scarcely knows on which side he is to look for protection, among the

political weathercocks of the period. In order to comprehend the point, you will understand that a clause of the charter expressly stipulates that no one shall be condemned by any "but his natural judges," which clearly means that no extraordinary or unusual courts shall be established for the punishment of ordinary crimes. Now, while it is admitted that martial law brings with it military tribunals and military punishments, it is contended that there is no pretext for declaring martial law in the capital, at a moment when the power of the present government is better assured than it has been at any time since its organization. But the charter solemnly stipulates that the conscription shall be abolished, while conscripts are and have been regularly drafted yearly, ever since the signature of Louis XVIIIth was affixed to the instrument.

The shops were all open to-day, and business and pleasure are resuming their regular rounds. The national guards of the *ban lieux*, who were actively engaged yesterday, are *be-fêted* and be-praised, while the lookers on affirm that some of them believe they have just been fighting against the Carlists, and that some think they have crushed the Jacobins. All believe they have done a good turn to liberty.

I was returning through the *Carrousel*, when chance made me the spectator of a laughable scene. A body of these troops, honest, well-intentioned countrymen, with very equivocal equip-

ments, were still in the court of the palace. It would seem that one warrior had strayed outside the railing where he was enjoying a famous gossip with some neighbors, and whom he was paying, for their cheer, by a narrative of the late campaign. A sergeant was summoning him back to his colours, but the love of good wine and a good gossip were too strong for discipline. The more dignified the sergeant became, the more refractory was his neighbor until, at last, the affair ended in a summons as formal as that which would be made to a place besieged. The answer was truly heroic, being rendered into the vernacular, "I won't." An old woman advanced from the crowd to reason with the sergeant, but she could get no farther than "*Ecoutez, Mons. Le Sergeant*"—for, like all in authority, he was unreasonable and impatient when his power was called in question. He returned to the battalion, and tried to get a party to arrest the delinquent, but this was easier said than done. The troops evidently had no mind to disturb a neighbor who had just done the state good service, and who was now merely enjoying himself. The officer returned alone, and once more summoned the truant, if possible, more solemnly than ever. By this time the mouth of the delinquent was too full to answer, and he just turned his back on the dignitary, by way of letting him see that his mind was made up. In the end, the soldier got the best of it, compelling the other to abandon the point.

The country people, of whom there were a good many present, looked on the matter seriously, but the Parisians laughed outright. I mention this little incident, for it shows that men are the same every where, and because this was an instance of military insubordination directly under the windows of the palace of the king of France, at the precise moment when his friends were boasting that the royal authority was triumphant, which, had it occurred in the interior of America, would have been quoted as proof of the lawlessness of democracy! I apprehend that militia, taken from their daily occupations, and imbodied, and this, too, under the orders of their friends and neighbors, are pretty much alike, in their leading characteristics, all over the world.

LETTER VI.

DEAR ——,

DURING the excitement of the last three days, I had not bethought me of paying a visit to the *rue d'Anjou.* Indeed I was under the impression that General La Fayette was at *la Grange,* for I had understood that he only remained at Paris to attend the funeral of *Lamarque.* There were rumours of his having been arrested, but these I set down to the marvel-mongers, who are always busy when extraordinary events occur. Just at dusk, I heard, by accident, there was still a chance of finding him in his apartment, and I walked across the river, in order to ascertain the fact for myself.

What a difference between the appearance of the streets this evening, and that which they had made on the night of the 5th! Now the bridges were deserted, the garden was empty, and the part of the population that was visible, seemed uneasy and suspicious. The rumour that the government intended to declare Paris in a state of siege, and to substitute military for the ordinary

civil tribunals, was confirmed, though the measure was not yet officially announced. This act was in direct opposition to a clause in the charter, as I have told you, and the pretence, in a town in which fifty thousand troops had just quelled a rising of a few hundred men, was as frivolous as the measure itself is illegal. It has, however, the merit of throwing aside the mask, and of showing the world in what manner the present authorities understand a government of the people.

A dead calm reigned in the *rue d'Anjou*. Apart from the line of *cabriolets de place*, of which there were but three, not a carriage nor a human being was visible in the street. Nothing stood before the *porte-cochère* of No. 6, a thing so unusual, more especially in critical moments, that I suspected I had been misled, and that I should have a bootless walk. The gate was open, and entering without knocking, I was just turning off the great staircase, to ascend the humbler flight that leads to the well known door, that door through which I had so lately seen so many dignitaries pressing to enter, when the porter called to me to give an account of myself. He recognised me, however, by the light of the lamp, and nodded an assent.

I waited a minute or more, after ringing, before the door was opened by *Bastien*. The honest fellow let me in on the instant, and without proceeding to announce me, led the way through the *salons*, to the bed-room of his master. The Gen-

eral was alone with the husband of his granddaughter, *François de Corcelles.* The former was seated with his back to the door as I entered; the latter was leaning against the mantel-piece. The "*bonsoir, mon ami*" of the first was frank and kind as usual, but I was immediately struck with a change in his manner. He was calm, and he held out his hand, as Bastien mentioned my name; but, although not seated at his table, he did not rise. Glancing my eyes at him, as I passed on to salute *Monsieur de Corcelles,* I thought I had never before seen La Fayette wearing so fine an air of majesty. His large, noble form was erect and swelling, and that eye, whose fire age had not quenched, was serenely proud. He seemed prepared to meet important events with the dignity and sternness that marked his principles.

A perfect knowledge of these principles, and the intimacy that he had so kindly encouraged, imboldened me to speak frankly. After a few minutes' conversation, I laughingly inquired what he had done with the *bonnet rouge.* The question was perfectly understood, and I was surprised to learn that, in the present instance, there was more foundation for the report than is usually the case with vulgar rumour. He gave the following account of what occurred at *la place de la Bastile.*

When the procession halted, and the funeral discourses were delivering, the tumult com-

menced; in what manner, he was unable to say. In the midst of the commotion, a man appeared on horseback wearing the dreaded *bonnet rouge.* Some one approached him, and invited him to repair to the *hôtel de ville,* in short, to put himself again at the head of the revolt, and offered him a *bonnet rouge.* He took the cap and threw it into the mud. After this, he entered his carriage to return home, when a portion of the populace took out the horses and drew him to the *rue d'Anjou.* On reaching the *hôtel,* the people peaceably withdrew.

You will readily suppose I was curious to learn the opinion of General La Fayette concerning the events of the week. The journals of the opposition had not hesitated to ascribe the affair to the machinations of the police, which, justly or not, is openly accused of having recourse to expedients of this nature, with a view to alarm the timid and to drive them to depend for the security of their persons and the maintenance of order, on the arm of a strong government. In the recent case it had also been said, that aware of the existence of plots, the ministry had thought it a favourable occasion to precipitate their explosion, taking the precaution to be in readiness with a force sufficient to secure the victory.

I have often alluded to that beautiful and gentleman-like feature in the character of La Fayette, which appears to render him incapable of entertaining a low prejudice against those to whom he

is opposed in politics. This is a trait that I conceive to be inseparable from the lofty feelings which are the attendant of high moral qualities, and it is one that I have, a hundred times, had occasion to admire in La Fayette. I do not, now, allude to that perfect *bon ton*, which so admirably regulates all his words and deportment, but to a discriminating judgment that does not allow interest or passion to disarm his sense of right. It certainly is a weakness in him not to distinguish sufficiently between the virtuous and the vicious, those who are actuated like himself by philanthropy and a desire to do good, and those who seek their own personal ends; but this is a sacrifice, perhaps, that all must make who aim at influencing men by the weight of personal popularity. Jefferson has accused La Fayette of a too great desire to live in the esteem of others,* and perhaps the accusation is not altogether false, but the peculiar situation in which this extraordinary man has been placed, must be kept in view, while we decide on the merits of his system. His principles forbid his having recourse to the agencies usually employed by those who lose sight of the means in the object, and his opponents are the great of the earth. A man who is merely sustained by truth and the purity of his motives, whatever visionaries may say, would be certain to fail. Popularity is indispensable to the success of La

* Was Mr. Jefferson himself free from a similar charge?

Fayette, for thousands now support him, who, in despite of his principles, would become his enemies, were he to fall back sternly on the truth, and turn his back on all whose acts and motives would not, perhaps, stand the test of investigation. The very beings he wished to serve would desert him, were he to let them see he drew a stern but just distinction between the meritorious and the unworthy. Then the power of his adversaries must be remembered. There is nothing generous or noble in the hostility of modern aristocrats, who are mere graspers after gain, the most debasing of all worldly objects, and he who would resist them successfully must win golden opinions of his fellows, or they will prove too much for him.

But I am speculating on principles, when you most probably wish for facts, or, if you must have opinions, for those of La Fayette in preference to my own. When I ventured to ask him if he thought the government had had any agency in producing the late struggle, his answer was given with the integrity and fearlessness that so eminently characterize the man.

He was of opinion that there was a plot, but he also thought it probable that the agents of the government were, more or less, mixed up with it. He suspected, at the moment, that the man who offered him the *bonnet rouge* was one of these agents, though he freely admitted that the suspicion was founded more on past experience than

on any knowledge of present facts. The individual himself was an utter stranger to him. It had been his intention to quit town immediately after the funeral obsequies were completed, but, added the old man, proudly, "They have spread a rumour of an intention to cause me to be arrested, and I wish to save them the trouble of going to La Grange to seek me."

He then went on to tell me what he and his political friends had expected from the demonstration of public opinion, that they had prepared for this important occasion. "Things were approaching a crisis, and we wished to show the government that it must change its system, and that France had not made a revolution to continue the principles of the Holy Alliance. The attempt to obtain signs of popular support at the funeral of *Casimir Perier* was a failure, while, so great was our success at this procession in honour of Lamarque, that there must have been a new ministry and new measures, had not this unfortunate event occurred. As it is, the government will profit by events. I do not wish to make any unjust accusations, but, with my knowledge of men and things, it is impossible not to feel distrust."*

* It appeared subsequently, by means of a public prosecution, that Vidocq, with a party of his followers, were among the revolters, disguised as countrymen. A government that has an intimation of the existence of a plot to effect its own overthrow, has an unquestionable right to employ spies to counteract the scheme; but if it proceed so far as to use incentives to revolt, it exceeds its legitimate powers.

While we were conversing, General ——, whom I had not seen since the dinner of the previous day, was announced and admitted. He staid but a few minutes, for, though his reception was kind, the events of the last week had evidently cast a restraint about the manners of both parties. The visit appeared to me, to be one of respect and delicacy on the part of the guest, but recent occurrences, and his close connexion with the King, rendered it constrained, and, though there appeared no evident want of good feeling on either side, little was said, during this visit, touching the "two days," as the 5th and 6th of June are now termed, but that little served to draw from La Fayette a stronger expression of political hostility, than I had ever yet heard heard from his lips. In allusion to the possibility of the liberal party connecting itself with the government of Louis Philippe, he said—"*à présent, un ruisseau de sang nous sépare.*"* I thought General —— considered this speech as a strong and a decisive one, for he soon after rose and took his leave.

La Fayette spoke favourably of the personal qualities and probity of his visiter, when he had withdrawn, but said that he was too closely incorporated with the *juste milieu* to be any longer classed among his political friends. I asked him if he had ever known a true liberal in politics,

* We are now separated by a rivulet of blood."

who had been educated in the school of Napoleon? The General laughingly admitted that he was certainly a bad master to study under, and then added it had been intended to offer General —— a port folio, that of the public works I understood him to say, had they succeeded in overturning the ministry.

This conversation insensibly led to one on the subject of the revolution of July, and on his own connexion with the events of that important moment. I despair of doing justice to the language of General La Fayette on this occasion, and still less so to his manner, which, though cool and dignified, had a Roman sternness about it that commanded the deepest respect. Indeed, I do not remember ever to have seen him with so much of the externals of a great man as on this evening, for no one, in common, is less an actor with his friends, or of simpler demeanour. But he now felt strongly, and his expressions were forcible, while his countenance indicated a portion of that which was evidently working within. You must be satisfied, however, with receiving a mere outline of what fell from his lips in an uninterrupted explanation that lasted fully half an hour.

He accused his opponents, in general terms, of distorting his words, and of misrepresenting his acts. The celebrated saying of "*voici la meilleure des républiques*," in particular, had been falsely rendered, while the circumstances under which he spoke and acted at all, had been studi-

ously kept out of view. It was *àpropos* of this saying, that he entered into the explanations of the causes of the change of dynasty.

The crisis which drove the cabinet of Charles X. to the extreme measures that overturned the throne, had been produced by a legislative combination. To effect their end, nearly every opinion, and all the shades of opposition had united; many, even of those who were personally attached to the Bourbons, resisting their project of re-establishing the *ancien régime*. Most of the capitalists, in particular, and more especially those who were engaged in pursuits that were likely to be deranged by political convulsions, were secretly disposed to support the dynasty, while they were the most zealously endeavouring to reduce its power. The object of these men was to maintain peace, to protect commerce and industry, more especially their own, and, at the same time to secure to property the control of affairs. In short, England and her liberty were their models, though some among them had too much good sense to wish to retrograde, as is the case with a party in America, in order to make the imitation more perfect. Those who were for swallowing the English system whole, were called the *doctrinaires*, from their faith in a theory, while the different shades of dissenting opinions were distributed among all those who looked more to facts, and less to reasoning, than their credulous coadjutors. But all were zealous in opposing govern-

ment under its present system, and with its palpable views.

You know that the result was the celebrated ordinances, and a rising of the people. So little was either of these events foreseen, that the first probably astonished and alarmed the friends of the Bourbons, quite as much as it did their enemies. The second was owing chiefly to the courage and zeal of the young men connected with the press, sustained by the pride and daring of the working classes of Paris. The emergency was exactly suited to the *élan* of the French character, which produced the sympathy necessary to the occasion among the different degrees of actors. With the movements, that followed, those who had brought about the state of things which existed, by their parliamentary opposition, had little or nothing to do. La Fayette, himself, was at *La Grange*, nor did he reach Paris, until the morning of the second day. So far from participating in the course of events, most of the deputies were seriously alarmed, and their first efforts were directed to an accommodation. But events were stronger than calculations, and the Bourbons were virtually dethroned, before any event or plan could be brought to bear upon the issue, in either the offensive or defensive.

You are now to imagine the throne vacant, the actors in the late events passive spectators of what was to follow, and opportunity for a recurrence to parliamentary tactics. Men had leisure to weigh

consequences. Another political crusade menaced France, and it is probable that nothing prevented its taking place, but the manifestations of popular sympathy in England, and on the Rhine. Then there was danger, too, that the bankers and manufacturers, and great landed proprietors, would lose the stake for which they had been playing, by permitting a real ascendency of the majority. Up to that moment, the mass had looked to the opposition in the deputies as to their friends. In order to entice all parties, or, at least, as many as possible, the cry had been "*la charte,*" and the opposition had become identified with its preservation. The new chambers had been convened, and, after the struggle was over, the population naturally turned to those who had hitherto appeared in their ranks as leaders. This fragment of the representation, became of necessity the repository of all power.

La Fayette had, thus far, been supported by the different sections of the opposition, for his influence with the mass, to suppress violence, was looked to as of the last importance, by even his enemies. The very men who accused him of Jacobin principles and a desire to unsettle society, felt a security under his protection, that they would not have felt without him. Louis Philippe, you will remember, made use of him, until the trial of the ministers was ended, when he was unceremoniously dismissed from the command of the Na-

tional Guards, by the suppression of the office.* "It would have been in my power to declare a republic," he continued, in the course of his explanations, "and, sustained by the populace of Paris, backed by the National Guards, I might have placed myself at its head. But six weeks would have closed my career, and that of the republic. The governments of Europe would have united to put us down, and the Bourbons had, to a great degree, disarmed France. We were not in a state to resist. The two successful invasions had diminished the confidence of the nation, which, moreover, would have been nearly equally divided in itself. But, allowing that we might have overcome our foreign enemies, a result I admit to have been possible, by the aid of the *propagande* and the general disaffection, there would have been a foe at home; that certainly would have prevailed against us. Those gentlemen of the Chambers, to whom a large portion of the people looked up with confidence, would have thwarted every impor-

* The writer has had a hundred occasions to learn, since his return to America, how much truth is perverted in crossing the Atlantic, and how little is really known of even prominent European facts, on this side of the water. It has suited some one to say, that La Fayette *resigned* the office of commander in chief of the National Guards, and the fact is thus stated in most of our publications. The office was suppressed without consulting him, and, it was his impression, at the instigation of the allied powers. Something like an awkward explanation and a permission to resign was subsequently attempted.

tant measure I attempted, and, were there no other means to prevent a republic, *they would have thrown me into the river.*'

This last expression is literal, and was twice uttered in the course of the evening. He then went on to add, that seeing the impossibility of doing as he could wish, he had been compelled to acquiesce in the proposal that came nearest to his own views. The friends of the Duke of Orleans were active, particularly M. Lafitte, who enjoyed a great deal of his own confidence, and the Duke himself was free in the expression of the most liberal sentiments. Under these circumstances he thought it possible to establish a government that should be monarchical in form, and republican in fact. Such, or nearly such, is the case in England, and he did not see why such might not be the case in France. It is true, the English republic is aristocratical, but this is a feature that depends entirely on the breadth and independence of the constituency. There was no sufficient reason why France should imitate England in that essential point, and by erecting a different constituency, she would virtually create another polity in fact, adhering always to the same general form.

As respects the expression so often cited, he said his words were "*voici la meilleure des républiques, pour nous;*" distinctly alluding to the difficulties and embarrassments under which he acted. All

this time, he made no pretension to not having been deceived in the king, who had led him to think he entertained very different principles from those which events have shown to be his real sentiments.

Something was then said of the *etat de siège*, and of the intentions of the government. "I shall go to *la Grange* in a few days," observed the General, smiling, "unless they arrest me; there to remain until the 4th of July, when we shall have our usual dinner, I hope?" I told him that the long fever under which A——— had suffered, rendered a change of air necessary, and that I was making my preparations to quit France, temporarily, on another tour. He pressed me to remain until the 4th, and when I told him that we might all be shot for sedition under the present state of things, if we drunk liberal toasts, he laughed, and answered, that "their bark was worse than their bite."

It was near ten, when I took my leave, and returned to the *Rue St. Dominique*. The streets were gloomy and deserted, and I scarcely met a single individual, in walking the mile between the wo hotels.

There was a wild pleasure in viewing a town in such an extraordinary state, and I could not help comparing its present moody silence, to the scenes we had witnessed when the government was still so young and dependent as to feel the necessity of

courting the people. I have already mentioned to you many of the events of that period, but some of them have been omitted, and some, too, which quite naturally suggest themselves, at this moment, when the king has established military tribunals in his very capital!

On one occasion, in particular, I was walking in the *Tuileries*, when a noise attracted me towards a crowd. It was Louis Philippe taking a walk! This you will understand was intended for effect—republican effect—and to show the lieges that he had the outward conformation of another man. He wore a white hat, carried an umbrella, (I am not sure that it was red) and walked in as negligent a manner as a man could walk, who was working as hard as possible to get through with an unpleasant task. In short, he was condescending with all his might. A gentleman or two, in attendance, could barely keep up with him, and as for the rabble, it was fairly obliged to trot to gratify its curiosity. This was about the time the king of England electrified London, after a reign of exclusion, by suddenly appearing in its streets, walking about like another man. Whether there was any concert in this coincidence or not, I do not know.

On another occasion, A—— and myself drove out at night to view a *bivouac* in the *Carrousel*. We got ourselves entangled in a dense crowd in the *Rue St. Honoré*, and were obliged to come to a

stand. While stationary, the crowd set up a tremendous cry of *vive le roi!* and a body of dismounted cavalry of the National Guard passed the carriage windows, flourishing their sabres, and yelling like madmen. Looking out, I saw the king in their midst, patrolling the streets of his good city of Paris, on foot! Now he has declared us all under martial law, and is about to shoot those he dislikes!

The *fleur de lys*, as you know, is the distinctive symbol of the family of France. So much stress is laid on trifles of this nature here, that Napoleon, with his grinding military despotism, never presumed to adopt one for himself. During the whole of his reign, the coins of the country were decorated on one side with no more than an inscription and a simple wreath, though the gradual progress of his power, and the slow degrees by which he brought forward the public, on these points, may yet be traced on these very coins. The first that were struck bore his head, as First Consul, with "*République Française*" on the reverse. After a time it was "*Empereur*," with "*République Française.*" At length he was imboldened to put "*Empire Français*," on the reverse, feeling a true royal antipathy to the word republic.

During the existing events that first succeeded the last revolution, no one thought of the *fleur de lys* with which the Bourbons had sprinkled every thing in and about the capital, not to say France.

This omission attracted the attention of some demagogue, and there was a little *émeute*, before the arch of the *Carrousel*, with threats of destroying these ornaments. Soon after, workmen were employed to deface every thing like a *fleur de lys* in Paris. The hotel of the treasury had many hundreds of them in large stone *rosettes*, every one of which disappeared before the chisel! The king actually laid down his family arms, causing the brush to be put to all his carriages. Speaking to La Fayette on this subject, he remarked, pithily—"Well, I told His Majesty I would have done this before there was a mob, and I would not have done it afterwards.

The Bourbons usually drove with eight horses, but this king rarely appears with even six; though that number is not offensive, the other being the regal style. Some time since, before the approach of the late crisis, I saw the coachman of the palace, quite early, or before the public was stirring, exercising with eight. It is to be presumed the aspect of things, the pears, and the Duchess of Berri, compelled the leaders to be taken off.

A day or two after this event, I dined in company with a deputy, who is also a distinguished advocate, who made me laugh with an account of a recent freak of another sovereign, that has caused some mirth here. This advocate was employed in the affair, professionally, and his account may be depended on.

You know that shortly after the revolution of 1830, the people of Brunswick rose and deposed their Duke, bestowing the throne, or arm-chair, for I know not the official term, on his brother. This Duke of Brunswick is the grandson of him who figured in the wars of the *old* revolution, and the son of him who was killed at Quatre Bras. His grandmother was a sister of George III., and his aunt was the wife of George IV.; the latter being his cousin, his uncle, and his guardian.

The deposed prince retired to Paris, if it can be called retirement to come from Brunswick, here. After some time, the police was informed that he was busy in enrolling men to make a counter-revolution in his own states. He was warned of the consequences, and commanded to desist. The admonition was disregarded, and after exhausting its patience, the government proceeded so far as to order him to quit Paris. It was not obeyed.

I must now tell you, that a few years previously the Duke of Brunswick had visited Paris, and apprehending assassination, for some cause that was not explained, he had obtained from the police, one of its agents to look out for the care of his person. The man had been several weeks in this employment, and knowing the person of the contumacious prince, when it was determined to resort to force, he was sent with the *gens d'armes*, expressly that he might be identified.

A party, accordingly, presented themselves, one

fine morning, at the hotel which had the honour to contain His Serene Highness, demanding access to his person, in the name of the police. No one was hardy enough to deny such an application, and the officers were introduced. They found the indomitable prince, in his morning gown and slippers, as composed as if he were still reigning in Brunswick, or even more so. He was made acquainted with their errand, which was, neither more nor less than to accompany him to the frontier.

The great-nephew of George III., the cousin and nephew of George IVth., the cousin of William IVth., and the ex-duke of Brunswick, received this intelligence with a calm entirely worthy of his descent and his collaterals, treating the commissary of police, *de haut en bas*. In plain English, he gave them to understand he should not budge. Reverence for royal blood was at last overcome by discipline, and seeing no alternative, the *gens d'armes* laid their sacrilegious hands on the person of the prince, and fairly carried him down stairs, and put him, dressing gown, slippers and all, into a *fiacre*.

It was a piteous sight to see a youth of such high expectations, of a lineage so ancient, of a duchy so remote, treated in this rude and inhospitable manner! Like Cæsar, who bore up against his enemies, until he felt the dagger of Brutus, he veiled his face with his handkerchief, and submit-

ted with dignity, when he ascertained how far it was the intention of the Minister of the Interior to push matters. M. —— did not tell us whether or not he exclaimed "*Et tu Montalivet!*" The people of the hotel manifested a proper sympathy, at the cruel scene, the *filles de chambre* weeping in the corridores, as *filles de chambre*, who witnessed such an indecent outrage, naturally would do.

The Duke was no sooner in the *fiacre* than he was carried out of town, to a post-house on the road to Switzerland. Here he was put in a *calèche*, and transported forthwith to the nearest frontier.

On reaching the end of the journey, the Duke of Brunswick was abandoned to his fate, with the indifference that marked the whole outrage; or, as might have been expected from the servants of a Prince, who had so lately shown his respect for rank by sending his own relatives out of his kingdom, very much in the same fashion. Happily, the unfortunate Duke fell into the hands of republicans, who, as a matter of course, hastened to pay their homage to him. The mayor of the *commune* appeared and offered his civilities; all the functionaries went forth with alacrity; and the better to show their sympathy, a young German traveller was produced, that he might console the injured prince by enabling him to pour out his griefs in the vernacular of his country. This bit of deli-

cate attention, however, was defeated by an officious valet, who declared, that ever since his dethronement, his master had taken such an aversion to the German language, that it threw him into fits even to hear it! Of course the traveller had the politeness to withdraw.

While these things were in progress, the Duke suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither. The public journals soon announced the fact, and the common conjecture was, that he had returned to Paris.

After several weeks M. —— was employed to negotiate an amnesty, promising, on the part of his principal, that no further movements against the duchy should be attempted in France. The minister was so far prevailed on, as to say, he could forgive all, had not the Duke re-entered the kingdom, after having been transported to Switzerland, by the order of the government, in the manner you have heard. M. —— assured the minister, *parole d'honneur*, that this was altogether a mistake. "Well, then, convince me of this, and His Serene Highness shall have permission to remain here as long as he pleases." "His Serene Highness, *having never left France, cannot have re-entered it.*" "Not left France!—Was he not carried into Switzerland?" "Not at all: liking Paris better, he chose to remain here. The person you *deported*, was a young associate of the same stature of the Duke, a Frenchman, who cannot speak a word of German!"

A compromise was made on the spot, for this was a matter to be hushed up, ridicule being far more potent, in Paris, than reason. This is what you may have heard alluded to, in some of the journals of the day, as the *escapade* of the Duke of Brunswick.

LETTER VII.

The time between the revolt of the two days, and the 17th July, passed in the usual manner. The court-martial had made considerable progress in condemning men to be shot, but appeals were made to the Carlist court of *Cassation*, which finally adjudged the whole proceedings to be illegal. In the mean time we got up the dinner for the 4th, La Fayette coming from La Grange expressly to make one among us. As for this dinner, I have only to say that one of its incidents went to prove how completely a body of Americans are subject to common and inconsiderate impulses, let the motive be right or wrong,—of how low estimate character is getting to be among us,—and to determine me never to be present at another. It is a painful confession, but truth compels me to say, that, I believe, for the want of a condensed class, that are accustomed to sustain each other in a high tone of feeling and thinking, and perhaps from ignorance of the world, no other people, above the illiterate and downright debased, are so easily practised on and cajoled, as the great mass of our own. I hope I have never been addicted to the vice of winning golden opinions by

a sacrifice of sentiments or principles; but this dinner has given me a surfeit of what is called "popularity," among a people who, while affecting to reduce everything to a standard of their own creating, do not give themselves time or opportunity to ascertain facts, or weigh consequences.

The weather was pleasant and warm for several weeks, about the close of June and the commencement of July, and, although a slight shade has been cast over our enjoyments by the re-appearance of the cholera, in a greatly diminished degree, however, I do not remember to have passed the same period of time in Paris, with so much satisfaction to myself. The town has been empty, in the usual signification of the term, and the world has left us entirely to ourselves. After completing the morning's task, I have strolled in the gardens, visited the churches, loitered on the quays, rummaged the shops of the dealers in old furniture and other similar objects. The number of these shops is great, and their stores of curious things incredible. It appears to me that all France has poured her relics of the old system into the warehouses of the capital. The plunder of the *châteaux* and *hôtels* has enriched them to a degree that must be witnessed to be understood, and to me it is matter of surprise that some of our wealthy travellers do not transfer many of these treasures to the other side of the Atlantic.

I usually spend an hour or two with M——, in the gallery of the Louvre, from two to four; he re-

turns home with me to dinner; and at seven, which, at this season in this latitude, is still broad day, we issue forth for a promenade. Paris, I have often told you, is a picturesque town, and offers endless sources of satisfaction, beyond its living throngs, its society, its theatres and its boulevards. The public displays at the Academy, and its meetings of science, taste and philanthropy are little to my taste, being too artificial and affected, and I have found most enjoyment in parts of this little world that I believe travellers usually overlook.

The churches of Paris want the odour, the genial and ecclesiastical atmosphere and the devout superstition that renders those of Italy so strikingly soothing and pleasant, but they are huge piles, and can always be visited with pleasure. *Notre Dame de Paris*, is a noble monument, and now that the palace of the archbishop is destroyed, one is likely to get better views of it, than is apt to be the case with these venerable edifices. A few evenings since, M—— and myself ascended the towers, and seating ourselves on the leads, looked down, for near an hour, on the extraordinary picture beneath. The maze of roofs, out-topped, here and there, by black lacquered-looking towers, domes, pavilions of palaces, and, as in the case of the Tuileries and Louvre, literally by a mile of continuous structures; the fissures of streets, resembling gaping crevices in rocks; the river meandering through the centre of all, and spanned by bridges thronged by mites of men and

pigmy carriages; the crowds of images of the past; the historical eminences that surround the valley of the capital; the knowledge of its interior; our acquaintance with the past and the present, together with conjectures for the future, contributed to render this a most impressive evening. The distant landscape was lost, and even quarters of the town itself were getting to be obscure before we descended, helping singularly to increase the effect produced by our speculations on those ages in which Paris had been the scene of so many momentous events.

We have also wandered among the other relics of antiquity, for the present structure of *Notre Dame* is said to have already stood seven centuries. The *Place Royale* is one of the most singular quarters of the town, and, although often visited before, we have again examined it, for we are beginning to regard objects with the interest that one is apt to feel on leaving a favourite spot, perhaps for ever. This square, unique in its kind, occupies the site of the ancient residences of the kings of France, who abandoned it in consequence of the death of Henri II., in a tournament. Henri IV. caused the present area to be enclosed by hotels, which are all of brick, a novelty in Paris, and built in the style of his reign. Fashion has, however, been stronger than the royal will, and noble ranges of rooms are to be hired here at a fourth of the prices that are paid for small and crowded apartments, near the Tuileries. The celebrated arsenal, where Sully so often received his

royal master, is near this place, and the Bastile stood at no great distance. In short, the world has moved, within the last two centuries, directly across the town.

I can never tire of speaking of the bridges of Paris. By day and by night have I paused on them to gaze at their views; the word not being too comprehensive for the crowds and groupings of objects that are visible from their arches. They are less stupendous and magnificent, as public works, than the bridges of London, Florence, Dresden, Bordeaux, and many other European towns, the stream they have to span being inconsiderable, but their number, the variety of their models, even the very quaintness of some among them, render them, as a whole, I think more interesting than any others that I know. The *Pont de Jena* is as near perfection in all respects, perhaps, as a bridge well can be. I greatly prefer it to the celebrated *Ponte della Trinità*, at Florence. Some enormous statues are about to be placed on the *Pont Louis XVI.* which, if they do not escape criticism, will, at least, I think, help the picturesque.

I have now known Paris a sufficient time to watch, with interest, the progress of the public works. The arch at the Barrière de Neuilly has, within my observation, risen several feet, and approaches its completion. The wing, a counterpart of the gallery, that is to enclose the *Carrousel* and finally to convert the Louvre and the Tuileries

into a single edifice, has advanced a long distance, and preparations are making to clear the area of the few buildings that still remain. When this design shall be executed, the palace of the Kings of France will contain considerably more than a mile of continuous buildings, which will be erected around a large vacant area. The single room of the picture gallery is of itself a quarter of a mile in length!

During the heat of the late finance discussion all sorts of unpleasant things were said of America, for the money-power acts here as it does every where else, proving too strong even for French *bon ton*, and, failing of facts and logic, some of the Government writers had recourse to the old weapon of the trader, abuse and vituperation. Among other bold assertions, one of them affirmed, with a view to disparage the vaunted enterprise of the Americans, that while they attempted so much in the way of public works, nothing was ever finished. He cited the capitol, a building commenced in 1800, and which had been once destroyed by fire in the interval, as an example.

As one of the controversialists, on this occasion, I certainly had no disposition to debase my mind, or to descend from the level of a gentleman who was compelled to bow before no political master, in order to retort in kind; but as is apt to be the case under provocations of this sort, the charge induced me to look about, in order to see what advan-

tages the subjects of a monarchy possess over us in this particular. The result has made several of my French friends laugh, and acknowledge that they who "live in glass houses should not throw stones."

The new palace of the Louvre was erected more than two centuries since. It is a magnificent pile, surrounding a court of more than a quarter of a mile in circumference, possessing many good statues, fine *bas-reliefs* and a noble colonnade. In some respects, it is one of the finest palaces in Europe. The interior is, however, *unfinished*, though in the course of slow embellishment. Now a principal and very conspicuous window, in the pavilion that caps the entrance to the Carrousel, is unglazed, the weather being actually excluded by the use of *coarse unplaned boards*, precisely in the manner in which one is apt to see a shingle palace embellished at home. One hundred francs would conceal this deformity.

The palace of the Tuileries was built by Catherine di Medici, who was dead before the present United States were first peopled. It is a lantern-like, tasteless edifice, composed of different pavilions, connected by *corps de bâtiments* of different sizes, but of pretty uniform ugliness. The stone of this vicinity is so easily wrought, that it is usual to set it up, in blocks, and to work out the capitals and other ornaments in the wall. On a principal portion of this palace, *these unwrought blocks still*

remain, just enough being finished to tell the observer that the design has never been completed. I shall not go beyond the palaces to make out our case, though all Europe abounds with these discrepancies in taste, and with similar neglect. As a rule, I believe we more uniformly push through our public undertakings than any other people, though they are not always executed with the same taste, on the same scale, or as permanently, perhaps, as the public works that are undertaken here. When they yield profit, however, we need turn our backs on no nation.

It is a curious commentary on the change in the times, that Louis Philippe has dared to do that which Napoleon, with all his power, did not deem it expedient to undertake, though it is known that he chafed under the inconvenience, of which it was desirable to both to be rid. Until quite lately, the public could approach as near the palace windows, as one usually gets to those of any considerable dwelling, that stands on a common street. The Emperor complained that he could not look out of a window, into his own gardens, without attracting a crowd; under this evil, however, he reigned, as consul and emperor, fourteen years, for there was no obvious way of remedying it, but by taking possession of a part of that garden, which so long had been thrown open to the public, that it now considered it as its own. Sustained by the congregated wealth of France, and secretly by

those nations with whom his predecessor had to contend, Louis Philippe has boldly broken ground, by forming two little gardens beneath the palace windows, which he has separated from the public promenade by ditches and low railings, but which serves effectually to take possession, to keep the tiger at a distance, and to open the way for farther improvements. In the end there will probably be a wing of the palace thrown forward into the garden, unless, indeed, the whole of the present structure should be destroyed, to make place for one more convenient and of purer architecture.

Paris enjoys a high reputation for the style of its public edifices, and, while there is a very great deal to condemn, compared with other capitals, I think it is entitled to a distinguished place in this particular. The church of the Magdalen, (Napoleon's *Temple de la gloire*, on which the names of distinguished Frenchmen were to be embossed in letters of bronze,) is one of the finest modern edifices of Europe. It is steadily advancing to completion, having been raised from beneath the cornices during my visit. It is now roofed, and they are chiseling the *bas-reliefs* on the pediment. The *gardes-meubles*, two buildings, which line one entire side of the *Place Louis Seize*, or *de la Concorde*, as it is now termed, and which are separated by the *rue Royale*, are among the best structures of the town. Some of their ornaments are a little meritricious, but the prevalent French features of their architec-

ture, are more happy than common. Only one of these edifices belongs to the public, and is now the hotel of the Admiralty, the other having been erected for symmetry, though occupied as private dwellings, and actually private property. The *Bourse* or Exchange, is another modern building that has an admirable general effect.

Of the private hotels and private gardens of Paris, a stranger can scarcely give a just account. Although it is now six years since I have been acquainted with the place, they occasion surprise daily, by their number, beauty and magnificence. Relatively, Rome, and Florence, and Venice, and Genoa, may surpass it, in the richness and vastness of some of their private residences, but Rome excepted, none of them enjoy such gardens, nor does Rome even, in absolute connexion with the town abodes of her nobles. The Roman villas* are almost always detached from the palaces, and half of them are without the walls, as I have already described to you. The private gardens of Paris, certainly cannot compare with these villas, nor, indeed, can those which belong to the public; but then there is a luxury, and a quiet, and a beauty, about the five or six acres that are so often enclosed and planted in the rear of the hotels here, that I do not think any other Christian

* This word has a very different signification in Italian, from that which we have given it, in English. It means a *garden* in the country; the *house* not being necessarily any part of it, although there is usually a *casino* or pavilion.

city can show in equal affluence. The mode of living, which places the house between court and garden as it is termed here, is justly esteemed the perfection of a town residence, for while it offers security, by means of the gate, and withdraws the building from the street—a *desideratum* with all above the vulgar—it gives space and room for exercise and beauty, by means of the verdure, shrubbery, trees and walks. It is no unusual thing for the French to take their repasts, in summer, within the retirement of their gardens, and this in the heart of one of the most populous and crowded towns of Europe. The miserable and minuté subdivisions of our own towns preclude the possibility of our ever enjoying a luxury as great, and yet as reasonable as this, and if, by chance, some lucky individual should find the means to embellish his own abode and his neighbourhood, in this way, some speculation, half a league off, would compel him to admit an avenue through his laurels and roses, in order to fill the pockets of a club of projectors. In America, every body sympathises with him who makes money, for it is a common pursuit, and touches a chord that vibrates through the whole community; but few, indeed, are they who can enter into the pleasures of him who would spend it elegantly, rationally and with good taste. If this were the result of simplicity, it would, at least, be respectable, but every one knows that the passion at home is for display—

finery, at the expense of comfort and fitness, being a prevalent evil.

The private hotels are even more numerous than the private gardens, land not always having been attainable. Of course these buildings vary in size and magnificence, according to the ranks and fortunes of those who caused them to be constructed, but the very smallest are usually of greater dimensions than our largest town houses, and infinitely better disposed, though we have a finish in many of the minor articles, such as the hinges, locks and the wood-work in general, and, latterly, in marbles, that is somewhat uncommon, even in the best houses of France; when the question, however, is of magnificence, we can lay no claim to it, for want of arrangement, magnitude and space.

Many American travellers will render you a different account of these things, but few of our people stay long enough to get accurate notions of what they see, and fewer still have free access to the sort of dwellings of which I now speak.

These hotels bear the names of their several owners. In the instances of the high nobility, it was usual to build a smaller hotel, near the principal structure, which was inhabited by the inferior branches of the family, and sometimes by favoured dependants, (for the French, unlike ourselves, are fond of maintaining the domestic relations to the last, several generations frequently dwelling under the

same roof,) and which it is the fashion to call the *petit hôtel*.

Our first apartments were in one of these *petits hôtels*, which had once belonged to the family of *Montmorency*.* The great hotel, which joined it,

* This ancient family still exists, though much shorn of its splendour, by the alienation of its estates, in consequence of the marriage of Charlotte de Montmorency, heiress of the eldest line, with a Prince of Condé, two centuries since. By this union, the estates and châteaux of *Chantilly*, *Ecouen*, &c., ancient possessions of the house, passed into a junior branch of the royal family. In this manner *Enghien*, a *seigneurie* of the *Montmorencies*, came to be the title of a Prince of the blood, in the person of the unfortunate descendant of Charlotte of that name. At the present time, besides the Duc de Montmorency, the Duc de Laval-Montmorency, the Duc de Luxembourg, the Prince de Banffremont, the Prince de Tancarville, and one or two more, are members of this family, and most of them are or were before the late revolution, peers of France. The writer knew, at Paris, a Col. de Montmorency, an Irishman by birth, who claimed to be the head of this celebrated family, as a descendant of a cadet who followed the conqueror into England. There are two Irish peers, who have also pretensions of the same sort, though the French branches of the family look coolly on the claim. The title of "First Christian Baron," is not derived from antiquity, ancient as the house unquestionably is, but from the circumstance that the barony of Montmorency, from its local position, in sight of Paris, aided by the great power of the family, rendered the barons the first in importance to their sovereign. The family of Talleyrand-Perigord, is so ancient, that, in the middle ages, when a King demanded of its head, "Who made your Count de Perigord?" he was asked, by way of reply, "Who made you King of France?"—God! I think I should have hesitated, on the score of taste about establishing

was inhabited, and I believe owned, by an American, who had reversed the usual order of things by coming to Europe to seek his fortune. Our next abode was the *Hôtel Jumilliac*, in a small garden of a remote part of the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. This was a hotel of the smaller size, and our apartments were chiefly on the second floor, or, in what is called the third story in America, where we had six rooms besides the offices. Our saloon, dining-room, &c., had formerly been the bed-chamber, dressing-room, and ante-chamber of *Madame la Marquise*, and gave one a very respectful opinion of the state of a woman of quality, of a secondary class, though I believe that this family too, was quite highly allied. From the *rue St. Maur*, we went into a small country house on the banks of the Seine, about a league from the gates of Paris, which, a century since, was inhabited by a *Prince de Soubise*, as *grand veneur* of Louis XV, who used to go there occasionally, and eat his dinner, in a very good apartment, that served us for a drawing-room. Here we were well lodged, having some two or three and twenty well furnished rooms, offices included. From this place we went into the *rue champs Elysées*, where we had a few rooms in a hotel of some size. Oddly enough, our predecessor in a portion of these rooms, was the Prince Polig-

myself in a house of the Montmorencies, but Jonathan has usually no such scruples. Our own residence was but temporary, the hotel being public.

nac, and our successor Marshal Marmont, two men who are now proscribed in France. We have been in one or two apartments in nameless edifices since our return from Germany, and we are now in a small hotel in the *rue St. Dominique*, where in some respects, we are better lodged than ever, though compelled to occupy three floors. Here the *salon* is near thirty feet in length, and seventeen high. It is panelled in wood, and above all the doors, of which, real and false, there are six, are allegories painted on canvass, and enclosed in wrought gilded frames. Four large mirrors are fixtures, and the windows are vast and descend to the floor. The dining-room, which opens on a garden, is of the same size, but even loftier. This hotel formerly had much interior gilding, but it has chiefly been painted over. It was built by the physician of the Duc d'Orleans, who married Madame de Montesson, and from this fact you may form some idea of the style maintained by the nobles of the period; a physician, at that time, being but a very inferior personage in Europe.

In describing these residences, which have necessarily been suited to very moderate means, I have thought you might form some idea of the greater habitations. First and last, I may have been in a hundred, and, while the Italian towns do certainly possess a few private dwellings of greater size and magnificence, I believe Paris contains, in proportion, more noble abodes than any other place in Europe.

London, in this particular will not compare with it. I have been in some of the best houses in the British capital, but very few of them rise to the level of these hotels in magnificence and state, though nearly all surpass them in comfort. I was at a ball given by the Count ——, when thirteen rooms *en suite* were opened. The Duke of Devonshire can hardly exceed this. Prince Borghese used, on great occasions, to open twenty, if I remember right, at Florence, one of which was as large as six or eight of our ordinary drawing-rooms. Although, as a whole, nothing can be more inconvenient or irrational than an ordinary town-house in New York, even we excel the inhabitants of these stately abodes, in many of the minor points of domestic economy, particularly, in the offices, and in the sleeping rooms of the second class.

Your question, as to the comparative expense of living at home, and of living in Europe, is too comprehensive to be easily answered, for the prices vary so materially, that it is difficult to make intelligent comparisons. As between Paris and New York, so long as one keeps within the usual limits of American life, or is disposed to dispense with a multitude of little elegancies, the advantage is essentially with the latter. While no money will lodge a family in anything like style, or with suites of rooms, ante-chambers, &c. &c. in New York, for the simple reason, that buildings which possess these elegancies, or indeed with fine apartments at all, have

never yet been erected in the country, a family can be better lodged in a genteel part of the town for less money, than it can be lodged, with equal room and equal comforts, in a genteel quarter of Paris; always excepting the inferior distribution of the rooms, and other little advantages, such as the convenience of a porter, &c. all of which are in favour of the latter place.* Food of all kinds is much the cheapest with us, bread alone excepted. Wines can be had, as a whole, better and cheaper in New York, if obtained from the wine-merchant, than in any European town we have yet inhabited. Even French wines can be had as cheap as they can be bought here, for the entrance duty into the country is actually much less than the charges at the gates of Paris. The transportation from Bourdeaux or Champagne, or Burgundy, is not, as a whole, essentially less than that to New York, if indeed it be any less. All the minor articles of table luxuries, unless they

* In New York, the writer has a house with two drawing-rooms, a dining-room, eight bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, four good servants' rooms, with excellent cellars, cisterns, wells, baths, water-closets, &c. for the same money that he had an apartment in Paris, of one drawing-room, a cabinet, four small and inferior bed-rooms, dining-room, and ante-chamber; the kitchens, offices, cellars, &c. being altogether in favour of the New York residence. In Paris water was bought in addition, and a tax of forty dollars a year, was paid for inhabiting an apartment of a certain amount of rent; a tax that was quite independent of the taxes on the house, doors and windows, which in both cases were paid by the landlord.

happen to be of French growth, or French fabrications, are immeasurably cheaper in America than here. Clothes are nominally much cheaper here than with us, but neither the French nor the English use habitually as good clothes as we; nor are the clothes generally as well made; you are not, however, to suppose from this that the Americans are a well dressed people; on the contrary we are greatly behind the English in this particular, nor are our men, usually, as well attired as those of Paris. This is a consequence of a want of servants, negligent habits, greediness of gain, which monopolizes so much of our time as to leave little for relaxation, and the high prices of articles, which prevent our making as frequent calls on the tailor, as is the practice here. My clothes have cost me more in Europe, however, than they did at home, for I am compelled to have a greater variety, and to change them oftener.

Our women do not know what high dress is, and consequently they escape many demands on the purse, to which these of Paris are compelled to submit. It would not do, moreover, for a French *belle* to appear every other night for a whole season in the same robe, and that too looking be-draggled, and as jaded as its pretty wearer. Silks and the commoner articles of female attire, are perhaps as cheap in our own shops, as in those of Paris, but when it comes to the multitude of little elegancies that ornament the person, the *salon* or the *boudoir*, in this

country, they are either wholly unknown in America, or are only to be obtained by paying treble and quadruple the prices at which they may be had here. We absolutely want the caste of shop-keepers, as it exists in Europe; by shop-keepers I mean that humble class of traders who are content with moderate profits, looking forward to little more than a respectable livelihood, and the means of placing their children in situations as comfortable as their own. This is a consequence of the upward tendency of things in a young and vigorous community, in which society has no artificial restrictions, or as few as will at all comport with civilization, and the buoyancy of hope that is its concomitant. The want of the class, notwithstanding, deprives the Americans of many elegancies and some comforts, which would be offered to them at as low rates as they are sold in the countries in which they are made, were it not for the principle of speculative value, which enters into nearly all of our transactions. In Paris the man or woman who sells a Duchess an elegant bauble, is half the time content to eat his humble dinner in a small room adjoining his shop, to sleep in an *entresol* over it, and to limit his profits by his wants. The pressure of society reduces him to this level. With us the thing is reversed, and the consumer is highly taxed, as a necessary result. As we become more familiar with the habits of European life, the demand will gradually reduce the value of these minor articles, and we shall obtain them at the same rela-

tive prices, as ordinary silks and shawls are now to be had. At present it must be confessed that our shops make but indifferent figures compared with those of London and Paris. I question if the best of them would pass for more than fourth rate in London, or for more than third rate here; though the silk-mercers at home might possibly be an exception to the rule.

The amount of all my experience, on this point, is to convince me, that so long as one is willing to be satisfied with the habits of American life, which include a great abundance, many comforts and even some few elegancies, that are not known here, such as the general use of carpets, and that of many foreign articles which are excluded from the European markets by the different protective systems, but which, also, do not know a great many embellishments of living that are common all over Europe, he can get along with a good deal less money in New York, than in Paris; certainly, with less, if he mix much with the world.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR ——,

WE had been preparing for our summer excursion, some time, but were unable to get away from Paris before the 18th of July. Our destination was undetermined, health and pleasure being the objects, though, a portion of our party having never seen Belgium, it was settled to visit that country in the commencement of the journey, let it end where it might. The old *calèche* was repaired for the purpose, fitted with a new rumble to contain François and Jetty, (the Saxon *femme de chambre*, hired in Germany), the *vâche* was crammed, sacks stowed, passport signed, and orders were sent for horses. We are a little apt to boast of the facilities for travelling in America, and, certainly, so long as one can keep in the steamboats or on the railroads, and be satisfied with mere velocity, no part of the world can probably compete with us, the distances considered; but we absolutely want the highest order of motion, which, I think, beyond all question, is the mode of travelling post. By this method, your privacy is sacred, you are master of your own hours, going where you please, and stopping when you please; and, as for speed, you can commonly get along at

the rate of ten miles in the hour, by paying a trifle in addition, or you can go at half that rate should it better suit your humour. A good servant and a good carriage are indispensable, and both are to be had at very reasonable rates, in this part of the world.

I never felt the advantage of this mode of travelling, and I believe we have now tried nearly all the others, or the advantages of the Parisian plan of living, so strongly as on the present occasion. Up to the last moment, I was undecided by what route to travel. The furniture of the apartment was my own, and it was our intention to return to Paris to pass the winter. The luggage had been stowed early in the morning, the carriage was in the court ready to hook on, and at ten we sat down quietly to breakfast, as usual, with scarcely a sign of movement about us. Like old campaigners the baggage had been knowingly reduced to the very minimum admissible, no part of the furniture was deranged, but everything was in order, and you may form some idea of the facilities, when you remember that this was the condition of a family of strangers, that in half an hour was to start on a journey of several months' duration, to go—they knew not whither.

A few minutes before ten, click-clack, click-clack, gave notice of the approach of the post-horses. The *porte cochère* opened, and two votaries of the old fashioned boot enter, each riding one and leading another horse. All this is done quietly, and as a matter of course; the cattle are put before the car-

riage without a question being asked, and the two liveried roadsters place themselves by the sides of their respective beasts. In the mean time, we had entered the *calèche*, said adieu to the cook, who was left in charge of the apartment, a trust that might, however, equally well have been confided to the porter, kissed our hands to the family of M. de V—, and the other inmates of the hotel, who crowded the windows to see us off. Up to this moment, I had not decided even by what road to travel! The passport had been taken out for Brussels, and last year, you may recollect, we went to that place by Dieppe, Abbeville, Douay and Arras. The "*par quelle route, Monsieur?*" of the postilion that rode the wheel horse, who stood with a foot in the stirrup, ready to get up, brought me to a conclusion. "*A St. Denis?*" the question compelling a decision, and all my doubts terminating, as doubts are apt to terminate, by taking the most beaten path.

The day was cool and excessively windy, while the thermometer had stood the previous afternoon but one, at 93°, in the shade. We were compelled to travel with the carriage-windows closed, the weather being almost wintry. As we drove through the streets, the common women cried after us, "They are running away from the cholera," an accusation that we felt we did not merit, after having stood our ground during the terrible months of April and May. But popular impulses are usually just as undiscriminating as the favouritism of the

great. The mistake is in supposing that one is any better than the other.

When we had reached the city where the kings of France are buried, it was determined to sleep at Senlis, which was only four posts further, the little town that we visited with so much satisfaction in 1827. This deviation from the more direct road led us by Gonesee, and through a district of grain country, that is less monotonous, than most of the great roads that lead from Paris. We got a good view of the château of *Ecouen*, looking vast and stately, seated on the side of a distant hill. I do not know into whose hands this princely pile has fallen since the unhappy death of the last of the *Condés*, but it is to be hoped into those of the young *duc d'Aumale*, for I believe he boasts the blood of the *Montmorencies*, through some intermarriage or other; and if not, he comes, at least, of a line accustomed to dwell in palaces. I do not like to see these historical edifices converted into manufactories, nor am I so much of a modern utilitarian as to believe the poetry of life is without its correcting and useful influences. Your cold, naked utilitarian, holds a sword that bruises as well as cuts; and your sneaking, trading aristocrat, like the pickpocket who runs against you in the crowd before he commits his theft, one that cuts as well as bruises.

We were at Ecouen, not long before the death of its last possessor, and visited its wide but untenanted halls with strong interest. The house was first

erected by some Montmorency, or other, at or near the time of the crusades, I believe; though it has been much altered since. Still it contains many curious vestiges of the taste of that remote age. The old domestic who showed us through the building was as quaint a relic as anything about the place. He had accompanied the family into exile, and passed many years with them in England. In courtesy, respect, and delicate attention he would have done credit to the court of Louis XIV.; nor was his intelligence unworthy of his breeding. This man, by the way, was the only Frenchman whom I ever knew address an Englishman, (or, as in my case, one whom he mistook for an Englishman,) by the old appellation of *milord*. The practice is gone out, so far as my experience extends.

I remember to have learned from this courteous old servant, the origin of the common term *croisée*, which is as often used in large houses, as that of *fenêtre*. At the period when every man's heart and wishes were bound up in the excitement and enterprise of the crusades, and it was thought that heaven was to be entered sword in hand, the cross was a symbol used as a universal ornament. Thus the aperture for a window was left in the wall, and a stone cross erected in the centre. The several compartments in the casements came from the shape of the cross, and the term *croisée* from *croix*. All this is plain enough, and perhaps there are few who do not know it; but gazing at the ornaments of *Ecouen*,

my eyes fell on the doors, where I detected crosses in the most familiar objects. There is scarcely a panelled door, twenty years old, in all America, that does not bear this evidence of the zeal, and, if you will, the superstition of those distant ages! The form of the door is made by the exterior stile; a cross is then built within it, and the open spaces are filled with panels, as, in the case of the window, it is filled with the sash. The exactitude of the form, the antiquity of the practice, its obvious connexion with the common feeling, and the inability to account for the usage in any other way, leave no doubt, in my mind, of its origin, though I do not remember to have ever met with such an account of it, in any author. If this conjecture be true, we Protestants, while fastidiously, not to say foolishly, abstaining from the use of a symbol that prejudice has lead us to think peculiarly unsuited to our faith, have been unconsciously living with it constantly before our eyes. But the days of puritan folly and puritan vice (there is nothing more vicious than self-righteousness, and the want of charity it engenders) are numbered, and men are beginning to distinguish between the exaggerations of fanaticism and the meek toleration of pure Christianity. I can safely say that the lowest, the most degraded, and the most vulgar wickedness, both as to tone and deed, and the most disordered imaginations, that it has ever been my evil fortune to witness, or to associate with, was met with at school, among the sons of

those pious forefathers, who fancied they were not only saints themselves, but that they also were to be the progenitors of long lines of saints. It is a melancholy truth, that a gentlemanlike training does more for the suppression of those abominations, than all the dogmas that the pilgrims have imported into the country.

We reached Senlis in time for dinner, and while the repast was getting ready, we strolled through the place, in order to revive the sensations with which we had visited it five years before. But, alas! these are joys, which, like those of youth, are not renewable at pleasure. I could hardly persuade myself it was the same town. The walls, that I had then fancied lined with the men-at-arms of the Charleses of France, and the English Henries and Edwards, had now lost all their peculiarities, appearing mean and common-place; and, as to the gate from which we had almost heard the trumpets of the heralds, and the haughty answer to a bold summons of surrender, we absolutely had difficulty in persuading ourselves that we had found it at all. Half Europe had been roamed over since the time when, fresh from America, we made the former visit, predisposed to gaze with enthusiasm at every relic of a former age and a different state of society.

If we were disagreeably disappointed in the antiquities of the town, we were as agreeably disappointed in the inn. It was clean, gave us a good dinner,

and, as almost invariably proves to be the case in France, also gave us good beds. I do not remember ever to have been more fatigued than by the five posts between Paris and this place. The uneven *pavés*, the random and careless driving of the postilions, with whom it is a point of honour to gallop over the broken streets of the villages, besides having a strong fellow-feeling for the smiths, always makes the eight or ten posts nearest to Paris, much the most disagreeable part of a journey, to or from the French capital.

We dined at six, exhausted the curiosities of *Senlis*, and went to bed by daylight!

The next morning was fresh and bland, and I walked ahead of the carriage. A wood-cutter was going to the forest to make faggots, and we fell into discourse. This man assured me that he should get only ten sous for his day's work! The view of the principal church tower of Senlis was beautiful, and, in a slight degree, it carried the mind back to the fifteenth century.

You have travelled to and from Paris with me so often, that I can only add we found the same fatiguing monotony, on this occasion, as on all the others. We reached Peronne early, and ordered beds. Before dinner we strolled around the ramparts, which are pleasant of themselves, though the place stands in a marsh, which renders its position not only strong, but strongly disagreeable. We endeavoured in vain to find some features to revive the

pictures of *Quentin Durward.* Ther
of a soldier in the place, though b
building. The French are evidentl
jealous of this frontier, than of that on
the one next the Austrians.

The next morning we breakfasted
Here we found a garrison, and consider
The citadel is well placed, and the e
pretty walk. We visited the cath
contains a monument to Fenelon, b
David. We were much gratified b
which ranks among his best. Near Val
broke a tire, and were detained two
the garrison was still stronger, the pl
condition, and the troops mounted gua
marching accoutrements about them,
I presume, was owing to the fact, that
fortified town on the road. We did r
frontier until seven, and the French po
another bolt, before we got fairly rid o
pelling us to wait an hour to have it m
were now in a low wet country, or one
genial to cholera; it was just the hour w
demons of miasma are said to be the
and to complete the matter, we learnec
ease was in the village. The carri
were closed, while I walked about,
door, to pacify uneasiness by curiosity.
ever, had made us all tolerably indiffer
P—— settled the matter by remarkir

thing after all, for here only two or three died daily while at Paris there had been a thousand! Older heads than his, often take material facts more in a lump than this.

The change in the national character is so evident, immediately on crossing into Belgium, as to occasion surprise. The region was, at no remote period, all Flanders. The same language is still spoken, the same religion professed in both countries, and yet a certain secret moral influence appears to have extended itself from the capital of each country, until they have met on the frontier, where both have been arrested within their proper geographical limits. We had come into this village on a gallop, driven with the light-hearted *étourderie* of French vanity, and we left it gravely, under the guidance of postilions who philosophically smoked, as their cattle trotted along like elephants.

It was quite late when we reached Mons, where we found a good house, of unexceptionable neatness; of course we were in no haste to quit it, the next day. The distance to Brussels was so short that we took it leisurely, reaching the hôtel de L'Europe at three. It was a *fête*, on account of the anniversary of the arrival of Leopold, who had now reigned just a twelvemonth. He passed our window, while we were still at table, on his way to the theatre. The royal *cortége*, was not very brilliant, consisting of four carriages, each drawn by two horses, which by the way, are quite enough

for any coachman to manage, in descending the formidable hill, that leads from the great square.

You have now been with me three times, in Brussels, and I shall not go over the old ground again. We revisited some of the more prominent places of interest, and went to a few others that were neglected on former occasions. Among the rest we took a look at the public picture gallery, which greatly disappointed us. The Flemish school quite naturally awakened our expectations, but, a fine Gerard Douw, and a few other old paintings were all that struck us, and as a whole, we gave a preference to the paintings of the present day.

The King appears to be personally popular, even those who have no faith in the duration of the present order of things, and who politically are his opponents, speaking well of him. The town has but few strangers, though the presence of a court renders it a little more gay than it was last year. The aspect of every thing is gloomy, for the country may be again engaged in a war of existence, in a week. Many still think the affair will end in a partition; France, Prussia and Holland getting the principal shares. I make no doubt that every body will profit more by the change than they who brought it about.

LETTER IX.

DEAR ——

AFTER a consultation with François, I sent the carriage to get a set of entirely new wheels, Brussels being a coach-making town, and taking a *voiture de remise*, we drove down to Antwerp. While the horses rested, we looked at the pictures in Malines. The miraculous Draught of the Fishes, is thought by many to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens, but, after conceding it a hardy conception and magnificent colouring, I think one finds too much of the coarse mannerism of the artist, even for such a subject. The most curious part of the study of the different schools, is to observe how much all have been influenced by external objects, and how completely conventional, after all, the *beau idéal* of an artist necessarily becomes. It would be impossible, for one who knew the several countries, to mistake the works of Murillo, Rubens, or Raphael, for the works of artists of different schools, and this without reference to their peculiar manners, but simply as Flemings, Spaniards, and Italians. Rubens, however, is I think a little apt to out-Dutch the Dutch. He appears to me to have delighted in the coarse, while Raphael revelled in the pretty. But Raphael

could and often did step out of himself and rise to the grand; and then he was perfect, because his grandeur was chastened. We reached Antwerp some time before dinner. The situation of the town was singular, the Dutch holding the citadel, the place, which was peopled by their enemies, as a matter of course, lying quite at their mercy. The road from Brussels is partly commanded by them, and we saw their flag rising out of the low mounds, for in Flanders the art of fortifying consists in burrowing as deep as possible, as we approached the town. Several Dutch gun-boats were in the river, off the town, and, in the reaches of the Scheldt below, we got glimpses of divers frigates and corvettes, riding at anchor. As an offset to the works of their enemies, the Belgians had made a sort of entrenched camp, by enclosing the docks with temporary ramparts, the defences of the town aiding them, in part, in effecting their object.

One of our first visits was to the cathedral. This beautiful edifice had escaped without material damage from the recent conflicts, though the garrison of the citadel have thrown a few shot at its tower, most probably with a view to drive curious eyes out of it, the great height enabling one to get a complete bird's-eye view of what is going on, within their walls. The celebrated Rubenses, were cased in massive timber to render them bomb-proof, and, of course, were invisible.

Processions of peasants were passing from church

to church, the whole day, to implore succour against the cholera, which, by the way, and contrary to all rule for a low and moist country, is said to be very light here. The Flemings have the reputation of being among the most bigoted Catholics, and the most ignorant population of Europe. This accounts, in some measure, for the existence of the latter quality among the first inhabitants of New York, most of whom were from Flanders, rather than from Holland. I have found many of our names in Antwerp, but scarcely one in Holland. The language at home too, is much nearer the Flemish than the Dutch, though it is to be presumed that there must have been some colonists from Holland, in a province belonging to that nation. I listened, to-day, to a fellow vending quack medicines and vilely printed legends, to a song which, tune and all, I am quite sure to have heard in Albany, when a schoolboy. The undeviating character and habits of the people, too, appear to be very much like those which existed among ourselves, before the influx of eastern emigration swallowed up every thing even to the *suppan*. I remember to have heard this same quack singing this same song, in the very same place, in June 1828, when we first visited Antwerp. The effect was exceedingly ludicrous, for it seemed to me, that the fellow had been occupying the same spot, employed in the same pursuits, for the last five years, although the country had been revolutionized. This is also a little characteristic, for

some of our own Communipaws, are said to believe we are still the property of the United Provinces.

The Flemish language has many words that are French in the spelling, but which have entirely different meanings, representing totally different things or ideas. *De* is one. In French this word, pronounced *der*, without dwelling on the last letter, is a preposition, generally meaning "of." Before a name, without being incorporated with it, it is an invariable sign of nobility, being even frequently affixed like the German *von*, to the family name, on attaining that rank. In Flemish it is an article, and is pronounced precisely as a Dutchman is apt to pronounce *the*, meaning the same. Thus De Witt, means *the* White, or White ; the Flemings using the article to express things or qualities in the abstract, like the French. Myn Heer De Witt is just the same as Mons. le Blanc, or Mons. Du Bois in French, one of which means Mons. White, and the other Mons. Wood. So nearly does this language resemble the English, that I have repeatedly comprehended whole sentences, in passing through the streets. Now in New York, we used to think the Dutch had become corrupted by the English, but I fancy that the corruption has been just the other way.

We had made the acquaintance of a Flemish artist of extraordinary merit, at Paris, and this gentleman, (Mr. Wappers,) kindly called this morning to take us to see the gallery. The collection is not

particularly large, nor is it rich in cabinet pictures, being chiefly composed of altar pieces taken from churches. The works are principally those of Rubens, Vandyke, and a few of the older masters. The Vandykes I think are the best. On the whole, it struck me there were more curious than pleasing pictures in this gallery, although they are all valuable as belonging to a school. The study of the Descent from the Cross is among them, and it gave me more pleasure than anything else. Vandyke certainly rose in our estimation, after this close comparison with his great rival; he is altogether more human than Rubens, who is a sort of Dutch giant in the art; out of the natural proportions, and always a giant.

Mr. Wappers permitted us to see his own painting room. He is of the school of the great Flemish masters, and, I think, quite at the head of his profession, in many of its leading points. It was curious to trace in the works of this young artist the effects of having Rubens and Vandyke constantly before him, corrected by the suggestions of his own genius. His style is something between the two; broader and bolder than Vandyke, and less robust than Rubens.

We went the rounds of the churches, for, if Italy be the land of marbles, Belgium is, or rather has been, the very paradise of those who carved in wood. I have seen more delicate and highly-finished works of this sort, in a small way, in other countries; as

in the *high reliefs* of *Santa Maria della Saluti*, at Venice, but no where else is so much attempted, or, indeed, so much achieved in this branch of art, as here. Many of the churches are quite surrounded by oak confessionals that are highly and allegorically ornamented; though, in general, the pulpits contain the most elaborate designs, and the greatest efforts of this curious work. One at Brussels has the conversion of St. Paul, horse, rider and all, larger than life. The whole is well wrought, even to the expression. But the best specimens of carving in wood that I remember, were a few figures over the door of a hospital that we saw in 1828, though I now forget whether it was at Gorcum or at Breda. One often sees statuary of great pretension and a wide-spread reputation, that is wanting in the nature, simplicity and repose of these figures.

We went to see a collection of pictures owned by Mr. Van Lankeren. It is a very fine gallery, but there are few paintings by very great artists. A Van der Heyden (an old New York name, by the way), surpassed anything I know, in its atmosphere. Poussin, and our own artist Cole, excel in this high merit, but this picture of Van der Heyden has a cold, gray transparency that seems actually to have transferred a Dutch atmosphere to the canvass.

We returned to Brussels in time to dine. At Malines I stood with admiration beneath the great tower, which possesses a rare majesty. Had it been completed according to the original plan, I believe

it would have been the highest church-tower in Europe. In the evening we had a call from Mr. and Mrs. ——, and made an appointment to visit the palace of the Prince of Orange in the morning.

I was up betimes next day, and took a walk round the park, and in the upper *boulevards*. The injuries done in the fight have been, in some measure, repaired, but the place was deserted and melancholy. The houses line one side of the *boulevards*, the other being open to the fields, which are highly cultivated and unenclosed. This practice of cutting off a town like a cheese-paring is very common on the continent of Europe, and the effect is odd to those who are accustomed to straggling suburbs, as in America and England.

At ten we went to the palace, according to appointment. The royal abodes at Brussels, are very plain edifices, being nothing more than long unbroken buildings, with very few external ornaments. This of the Prince of Orange stands on the park, near that of the king, and is a simple parallelogram with two gates. The principal apartments are in the same form, being an entire *suite* that are entered on one side and left on the other. There is great good taste and elegance in the disposition of the rooms. A few are rich, especially the *salle de bal*, which is really magnificent. The place was kept just as it had been left by its last occupant, Leopold, with good taste, not to say good feeling, religiously respecting their rights. A pair of gloves,

belonging to the princess were shown us, precisely on the spot where she had left them, and her shawls and toys were lying carelessly about, as if her return were momentarily expected. This is true royal courtesy, which takes thrones without remorse, while it respects the baubles.

This palace had many good pictures, and among others a Raphael. There was a Paul Potter, or two, and a couple of pictures, in the same style, as *pendants*, by a living artist of the name of Verboeckhoven, whose work sustained the comparison wonderfully well.

We were shown the window at which the robber entered who stole the jewels of the princess, an event that has given room to the enemies of the house of Nassau to torture into an accusation of low guilt against her husband.* I have never met a gentle-

* This affair of the jewels of the Princess of Orange is one proof, among many others, of the influence of the vilest portion of mankind, over their fellow creatures. It suited the convenience and views of some miscreant who pandered for the press, (and the world is full of them,) to throw out a hint that the Prince of Orange had been guilty of purloining the jewels to pay his gambling debts, and the ignorant, the credulous, and the wonder-mongers, believed a charge of this nature, against a frank and generous soldier! It was a charge, that, in the nature of things, could only be disproved by detecting the robber, and one that a prince and a gentleman would scarcely stoop to deny. Accident favoured the truth. The jewels have, oddly enough, been discovered in New York, and the robber punished. Now, the wretch who first started this groundless calumny against the Prince of Orange, belongs exactly to that school whose members

man here, who appeared to think the accusation worthy of any credit, or who treated it as more than the gossip of underlings, exaggerated by the agents of the press.

From the palace of the Prince of Orange we went to the house of Prince Auguste d'Ahremberg, to see his collection. This is one of the best private galleries in Europe, though not particularly large. It is rich in the works of Teniers,* Woovermans, Both, Cuyp, Potter, Rembrandt, and the other masters of the country. Among others is a first rate Gerard Douw, (another New York name.)

impart to America more than half her notions of the distinguished men of Europe.

* One hears of occasionally discovering good pictures in the streets, an event that actually once occurred to the writer. Shortly after the revolution of 1830, in passing through the *Carrousel*, he bought a female portrait, that was covered with dirt, but not materially injured. Finding it beautifully painted, curiosity led him to question the man who had sold it. This person affirmed that it was a portrait of the wife of David Teniers painted by himself. He was not believed, of course, and the thing was forgotten, until two picture dealers, who accidentally saw it, at different times, affirmed that it was by Teniers, though neither knew the original of the likeness. On examining the catalogues, the writer found that such a picture had existed in Paris, before the revolution, and that it was now lost. But his picture was square, while that was oval and much larger. The dealer was questioned again, on the appearance of the picture, without giving him any clue to the object, and he explained the matter at once, by saying that it had once been oval, but the canvass getting an injury, he had reduced it to its present form. Since then, an engraving has been discovered that scarce leaves a doubt as to the originality of the portrait.

I passed the evening at the house of an English gentleman, where the master of the last-named gallery was one of the company. A guest, a Sir ——— ———, amused me by the peculiarly *British* manner in which he conveyed a few remarks on America. Speaking of a countrywoman of ours, who had lately been at Brussels, he said that she called standing up to dance, "taking the floor," and he was curious to know if it were a usual form of expression with us. I had to tell him we said a horse "took the track," in racing, and as this lady came from a racing region, she might have used it, *con amore*, especially in the *gallopade*. Capt. ———, of the navy, once called out to the ladies of a quadrille to "shove off," when he thought the music had got the start of them, and it is lucky that this Sir ——— ——— did not hear him, or he would have set it down at once as an Americanism. These people are constantly on the hunt for something peculiar and ridiculous in Americans, and make no allowance for difference in station, provincialisms, or traits of character. Heaven knows that we are not so very original as to be thus ruthlessly robbed of any little individuality we may happen to possess.

LETTER X.

DEAR ——,

IN the morning the Director-General of Public-Instruction called to obtain some information on the subject of the common school system in America. I was a little surprised at this application, the Finance controversy having quite thrown me into the shade at the Tuileries, and this court being just now so dependent on that of France. You will smile at this opinion, but even facts are subject to such circumstances, and great men submit to very little influences, occasionally.* The old ground of explain-

* A few months before this a friend, not a Frenchman, called on the writer at Paris. He began to make inquiries on the subject of American Parliamentary Law, that were entirely out of the track of his usual conversations, and finally submitted a series of written questions to be answered. When the subject was disposed of, the writer asked his friend the object of these unusual investigations, and was told that they were for the use of a leading Deputy, who was thoroughly *juste milieu*. Surprised at the name, the writer expressed his wonder that the application had not been made to a certain agent of the American government, whose name had already figured before the public, as authority for statistical and political facts against him. The answer was, in substance, that those facts were intended for *effect!*

ing the power of the states had to be gone over, and the affair was disposed of by agreeing that written queries should be sent to Paris. I had a similar application from a French functionary not long since. A digest of the facts, as they are connected with the state of New York was accordingly prepared, and handed to the minister of Public Instruction. This gentleman rose in debate with the document in his hand, and got on well enough until he came to the number of children in the schools, (near half a million) which appeared to him to be so much out of proportion to whole numbers (a little exceeding two millions) that, without hesitation, he reduced them on his own responsibility one half! As a proof that no more was meant than to keep within reasonable bounds, he immediately added "or all there are." Now this is a fair specimen of the manner in which America is judged, her system explained, and her facts curtailed. In Europe everything must be reduced to a European standard, to be even received. Had we been Calmucks or Kurds any marvel might go down, but being deemed merely deteriorated Europeans, tanned to ebony, our facts are kept closely within the current notions. Such a disproportion between adults and minors being unknown in this hemisphere, it was at once set down as an American exaggeration, to pretend to have them in the other. What were our official returns to a European prejudice!

Not long since an artist of reputation came to me,

in Paris, with a view to get a few hints for a map of the Hudson, that had been ordered as an illustration of one of our books. He was shown all the maps in my possession, some of which were recent and sufficiently minute. I observed some distrust in his manner, and, in the end he suggested that an old French map of the Canadas, that he had in his pocket, might possibly be more accurate than those which had just been received from America. The map was produced, and, as might have been expected, was utterly worthless, but an intimation to that effect was not well received, as the artist had not been accustomed to consider the Americans as map-makers. At length I was compelled to show him Poughkeepsie laid down on his map directly opposite to Albany, and to assure him gravely that I had myself travelled many a time in a north and south direction, from sunrise to sunset, in order to go from one of these places to the other, and that they were eighty miles asunder!

We left Brussels at noon, and reached Louvain at three. Though not taken so completely by surprise, as we were last year, the town house still gave us great pleasure. They were at work repairing it, and the fresh stones gave it a mottled look, but, on the whole, it is one of the most extraordinary edifices I know. It is a sort of condensation of quaintness, that is quite without a rival even in this land of laboured and curious architecture. The little pavilion of the Prince of Orange, that lies on the road,

was still deserted and respected. I dare say his fishing rods and fowling pieces are intact, while his inheritance is shorn of half its glory.

There was a quarantine before entering the Prussian states on account of the cholera, and having understood that we should gain in time after quitting Brussels, beyond which the malady has not yet extended, we went no farther than Thirlemont, where we passed the night. The place is insignificant and the great square was chiefly occupied by "awkward squads," of the new levies, who were drilling as fast as they could, in readiness for the Dutch. The Belgians have reached *protocol* No. 67, and they begin to think it is most time now to have something more substantial. They will find King William of the true "hard-kopping" breed.

The next morning we posted down to Liège in time to take a late breakfast. The road from Brussels to this place has run through a fertile and well cultivated country, but the scene changed like magic, as soon as we got a glimpse of the valley of the Meuse. Liège has beautiful environs, and the town is now the seat of industry. Coal pits abound in the immediate vicinity, and iron is wrought in a hundred places. As we drove through the antique and striking court of the venerable episcopal palace, and emerged on the great square, we found the place alive with people, and our arrival at the *Soleil d'Or*, produced a sensation that seemed inexplicable. Landlord, lacquies, populace and all, ran to

greet us, and people were hurrying to the spot in every direction. There was nothing to be done, but to wait the result patiently, and I soon saw by the cold looks of the servants, and the shrug of François, who had jumped down to order rooms, that there was mutual disappointment. Every body turned their backs upon us, and there we sat in the shadow of neglect, after having momentarily shone in the sunshine of universal observation. It had been merely ascertained that we were not the King of the Belgians and his brother the grand duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha. The Soleil d'Or, which like other suns, is most apt to shine on the great, veiled its face from us, and we were compelled to quit the great square, and to seek more humble lodgings. These were soon obtained at the Black Eagle, a clean and good house.

I went to the police immediately with my passport, and found that one of our five days of quarantine had been comfortably gotten rid of at Thirlemont.

These quarantines are foolish things, and quite easily evaded. You have been told the manner, in which last year, instead of spending five times twenty-four hours in a hut, shut up with a Russian Princess, I drove into the court of our own hotel in Paris on the evening of the fifth day, and M——, you will remember, merely turned the flanks of a sentinel or two, by walking a mile in the fields. We were advised, on this occasion, to have our passport

viséd at Brussels, the moment we arrived, and the intermediate time would have counted on the frontier, but being in no haste, we preferred proceeding regularly.

The next day the town filled rapidly, and about noon the cannon announced the entrance of the King. A worse salute was never fired, but his majesty is greeted with smiling faces, which is, quite probably, more to his liking. He is certainly a prudent and respectable man, if not a great one; and just now very popular. I met him and his brother in the streets, the day after their arrival: they were in an open carriage and pair, with two boys, the sons of the Duke, on the front seat. Leopold has a grave and thoughtful face, and is far from being as well-looking as his brother, who is a large comely man; not unlike the Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, so well known in America. All the princes of the Saxon Duchies that I have seen, are large, well-formed men, while those of Saxe Royal, as the kingdom is called, are the reverse. A diplomatic man, here, once remarked to me, that this rule held good as to most of the protestant and catholic princes, throughout Europe, the close intermarriages of the latter, in his opinion, affecting the stock. The imagination has had something to do with this notion, for there are certainly many exceptions on both sides, if, indeed, it be a rule at all. I think, there is little doubt that the habits of the mind, mode of living, and climate contribute essentially to

vary the physiognomy, but I cannot subscribe fully to the influence of these intermarriages, which, by the way, are nearly, if not quite, as circumscribed among the protestants as among the catholics. The portion of Europe that is governed by princes, is divided among forty-four different states,* of whom twenty-eight are Protestant, one a Greek, one a Mahomedan, and the rest are Catholics. These forty-four sovereigns claim to be descended from nineteen different roots: thus, the direct *male* descendants of Hugh Capet occupy the thrones of France, Spain, Naples, Lucca and Portugal; the latter being derived from an illegitimate son of a Duke of Burgundy, before the accession of the Bourbon branch. The houses of Austria, Baden, Tuscany, and Modena, are derived from a Duke of Alsace, who flourished in the seventh century. I was mistaken in a former letter, in saying that the family of Lorraine is different from that of Habsbourg, for it is said to be derived in the male line, equally from this Prince of Alsace. The Hohenzollerns are on the throne of Prussia, and possess the two little principalities of that name; while the Emperor of Russia is merely a Prince of Holstein. These families have been intermarrying for a thousand years, and it is not possible that they should have entirely escaped some personal peculiarities; still, as a whole, they are quite as fine physical speci-

* This excludes Liechtenstien, Monaco and Greece.

mens of humanity, as the average of their subjects. The Princes of Russia are singularly fine men; the house of Denmark well-looking; the Saxons, the royal branch excepted, more than usually so; the house of Wurtemburg very like the English family; the Bourbons, as a family, are a fine race; the Austrians peculiar, and less comely, though the women are often quite handsome; Don Miguel is a little beauty, *very mild and gentleman-like in his appearance*, though Lady ——, who sat next him at dinner, on a certain occasion, assured me she saw nothing but blood and rapine in his countenance! Her father, Lord ——, one of the ablest men of his time, and one familiar with high political events, gravely assured me he gave implicit credence to the tales we have heard of the outrages committed by this prince, and which if true render him a fit subject for the gallows. But I have seen so much of the exaggeration of factions, that incredulity, perhaps, has got to be a fault with me. I longed to tell Lord ——, what I had heard, in England, under his very nose, of himself! Among other absurdities, I had, shortly before this very conversation, heard a respectable Englishman affirm that such was the *morgue aristocratique* of this nobleman, that he compelled his wife and daughters to walk backwards, in quitting his presence, as is done at court! This was said of a man, whom I found to be of more simple, off-hand, unpretending, gentleman-like deportment, whose demeanour

had more of the nice tact which neither offends by superciliousness, nor wounds by condescension, than that of any other man of rank in England. To return to our subject;—the Austrian face is, certainly, getting to be prevalent among the southern catholic families, for all of them are closely allied to the house of Habsbourg by blood, but I do not see any more in the *physique* of the Saxon Dukes, than the good old Saxon stamina, nor aught in the peculiar appearance of the royal branch, but an accident.

Three or four days of leisure have enabled us to look very thoroughly at the exterior of Liége, which is certainly an interesting town, with lovely environs. There are some very good old houses along the banks of the river, and a few of the churches are noble edifices. The cathedral and the church of St. Jaques, in particular, are venerable and interesting structures; and I stood beneath their lofty arches, listening to the chants of the choir, and inhaling the odours of the incense, with a satisfaction that never tires. I sometimes wish I had been educated a catholic, in order to unite the poetry of religion with its higher principles. Are they necessarily inseparable? Is man really so much of a philosopher, that he can conceive of truth in its abstract purity, and divest life and the affections of all the aids of the imagination? If they who strip the worship of God of its factitious grace, earnestly presented themselves in the garb of moral humility,

rendering their familiar professions conformable to their general tenets, and stood before us as destitute of self-esteem as they are of ornament, one might not so much feel the nakedness of their rites; but, as a rule, the less graceful the forms and the more intense the spirituality of the minister of the altar become, the higher is his tone of denunciation and the more palpable his self-righteousness. In point of fact, when the proper spirit prevails, forms, of themselves, become of little account, and when men begin to deem them otherwise, it is proof rather of the want, than of the excess, of the humility and charity which are the inseparable companions of faith. I do not say that I would imitate all the unmeaning and irreverent practices of the Romish church; and least of all could one wish to see the devout and solemn manner of the Protestant ministering at the altar supplanted by the unintelligible mumblings of the Latin breviaries: but why have we denounced the holy symbol of the cross, the ornaments of the temple, the graceful attire, and the aid of music? It is impossible, I think, for the American, who has visited Europe, not to feel the want of edifices reared in honour of God, which every where exists in his own country. I do not mean churches, in which the comfort and convenience of the pew-holders has been mainly consulted, for these pious speculations abound; but *temples* to mark a sense of the superiority of the Deity, and which have been reared in his honour.

It may be easy enough to account for the absence of such buildings, in a country so peopled and still so young, but this does not make the deficiency the less obvious.

In this hemisphere, scarcely a village is approached, that the high roof and towers of a church do not form its nucleus, the temple appearing to spread its protection over the humbler abodes of men. The domes, the pointed and lofty arches, and the Gothic tracery of cathedrals, soar above the walls of cities, and every where man is congregated, he appears to seek shelter under the wide-spreading wings of the church. It is no argument to say that true religion may exist without these edifices, for infidelity may also exist without them, and if it be right or useful to honour God at all, in this manner, it is a right and a usefulness to which we have not yet attained. The loftiest roofs of an American town, are, invariably, its taverns; and, let metaphysics get over the matter as it may, I shall contend that such a thing is, at least, unseemly to the eye. With us it is not Gog and Magog, but grog or no grog; we are either a a tame plane of roofs, or a *pyramid* in honour of brandy and mint-juleps. When it comes to the worship of God, each man appears to wish a nut-shell to contain himself and his own shades of opinion, but when there is question of eating and drinking, the tent of Pari Banou would not be large enough to hold us. I prefer large churches and small taverns.

There are one or two usages, especially, of the Romish church, that are not only beautiful, but which must be useful and salutary. One is the practice of leaving the church open at all hours, for the purposes of prayer. I have seldom entered one of these vaulted, vast, and appropriate Houses of God, without finding fewer or more devotees kneeling at the different altars. Another usage is that of periodical prayer, in the fields, or wherever the peasants may happen to be employed, as in the *angelus*, &c. I remember, with pleasure, the effect produced by the bell of the village church, as it sent its warning voice, on such occasions, across the plains, and over the hills, while we were dwellers in French or Italian hamlets. Of all these touching embellishments of life, America, and I had almost said, Protestantism, is naked; and in most cases, I think it will be found on inquiry, naked without sufficient reason.

The population of Liége is still chiefly Catholic, I believe, although the reign of the ecclesiastics has ceased. They speak an impure French, which is the language of the whole region along this frontier. Scott, whose vivid pictures carried with them an impress of truth that misled his readers, being by no means a man of either general or accurate attainment, out of the immediate circle of his peculiar knowledge, which was Scottish traditions, has represented the people of Liége, in Quentin Durward, as

speaking Flemish, an error of which they make loud complaints, it being a point on which they are a little sensitive. A poet may take great licences, and it is hypercriticism to lay stress on these minor points when truth is not the aim; but this is a blunder that might, as well as not, have been spared, and probably would have been, had the author given himself the trouble to inquire into the fact. But for the complaints of the Liégeois, the error would not have been very generally known, however; certainly not by me, had I not visited the place.

The women of Liége appear to labour even more than usual for this part of Europe. They are employed in field labour, every where; but in the towns, more attention is paid to the great distinctions between the employments of the sexes. Here, however, I saw them toiling in the coal-yards, and performing the offices of the common porters. They were much employed in unloading the market-boats, and yet they are far from being either coarse or ugly. The men are short, but sturdy. The average stature appears to be about five feet five and a half inches, but even this, I think, exceeds the average stature of the French.

The town has been illuminated two nights in succession, in honour of the king. Every one is occupied with his approaching marriage with the Princess Louisa of France, or as it is now the fashion to say, the Princess Louisa of Orleans—for since the

revolution of 1830, there is no longer a king, nor any children of France. It would have been better had more essential points been attended to and the old names retained. In England matters are differently managed, for there the government is always one of King, Lords and Commons, though it is constantly fluctuating, and two of the parties are usually cyphers.

LETTER XI.

DEAR ——

ON the fourth day of our quarantine, we left Liége, if not with clean bills of health, with the passport bearing proof about it that would enable us to enter Prussia the next morning. The king and his brother having laid all the horses in requisition, we did not get away before two, but once on the road our postilions drove like men who had reaped a double harvest.

The route lay for some distance along the banks of the Meuse, and the whole region was one of exquisite landscape beauties. An intensely dark verdure—a road that meandered through the valley, occasionally shifting from bank to bank—hill sides covered with fruit-trees and fragrant with flowers—country-houses—hamlets—cottages—with every appearance of abundance and comfort, and backgrounds of swelling land, that promised equal beauty and equal affluence, were the principal features of the scene. The day was as fine as possible, and, everything bearing a leaf having just been refreshed with a recent shower, we glided through this fairy region with something like the enthusiasm

with which we had formerly journeyed in Switzerland and Italy.

The Meuse, however, was soon abandoned for a tributary, and, after proceeding a few leagues, the character of the country gradually changed, although it still continued peculiar and beautiful. The intensity of the verdure disappeared in a pale, but still a decided green—the forest thickened—the habitations no longer crowded the way-side, and we appeared to be entering a district, that was altogether less populous and affluent, than the one we had left, but which was always neat, picturesque, and having an air of comfort. We were gradually, but almost imperceptibly ascending.

This lasted for four hours, when, reaching a country house, the road turned suddenly at a right angle, and ran for near a mile through an avenue of trees, bounded by open meadows. At the termination of this avenue we dashed into the streets of a small, well-built, neat, and compact village, that contained about one hundred and fifty dwellings, besides three or four edifices of rather more than usual pretensions. This was the celebrated Spa, a watering-place whose reputation was once co-extensive with civilization.

We drove to an inn, where we dined, but finding it crowded and uncomfortable, I went out and hired a furnished house by the day, putting our own servants, with an assistant, in possession of the kitchen. Next morning, perceiving that I had been too hasty,

and that our lodgings were too confined, I discharged them and took a better. We got a dining-room, two drawing-rooms, several bed-rooms, with offices &c., all neat and well furnished, for a Napoleon a day. I mention these things as they serve to show you the facilities a traveller enjoys in this part of the world. Nearly every house in Spa, is to be had in this manner, fitted for the reception of guests, the proprietor occupying a small building adjoining, and usually keeping a shop, where wine and groceries may be had. Servants can be engaged at any moment, and one is thus enabled to set up his own *ménage* at an hour's notice. This mode is more economical for a large family, than living at a hotel, vastly more comfortable, and more respectable. Dinners can be had from the taverns, if desired. François being something of a cook, with the aid of the Spa assistant, we lived entirely within ourselves. You will remember that in hiring the house by the day, I reserved the right to quit it, at any moment.

Spa, like most other places that possess chalybeate waters, stands in the centre of a country that can boast but little of its fertility. Still, time and cultivation have left it the character of pale verdure of which I have just spoken, and which serves for a time, to please by its novelty. The hue looked neither withered nor sickly, but it was rather that of young grasses. It was a ghostly green. The eye wanders over a considerable extent of naked fields,

when one is on the steep wooded hills, under whose very brows the village is built, and I scarcely can recall a spot where a stronger impression of interminible vastness is left, than I felt while gazing at the illimitable swells of land that stretch away towards France. The country is said to be in the mountains of the Ardennes, and once there was the the forest through which the "Boar of Ardennes" was wont to roam; but of forest there is now none; and if there be a mountain, Spa must stand on its boundless summit. High and broken hills do certainly appear, but, as a whole, it is merely an upland region.

The glory of Spa has departed! Time was when the idle, the gay and the dissolute crowded to this retired village to intrigue and play, under the pretence of drinking the waters; when its halls were thronged with princes and nobles, and even monarchs frequented its *fêtes*, and partook of its festivities. The industrious inhabitants even now spare no pains to render the abode pleasant, but the capricious taste of the age lures the traveller to other springs, where still pleasanter haunts invite their presence. Germany abounds with watering places, which are usually rendered agreeable by a judicious disposition of walks, and by other similar temptations. In nothing are the money-grasping and shiftless habits of America rendered more apparent, than in the inferiority of her places of public resort. In all these particulars nature has done a good deal

for some of them, but nowhere has man done anything worth naming.

A trifling expenditure has rendered the rude hill which, covered chiefly with evergreens, overlooks Spa, a succession of beautiful promenades. Serpentine walks are led through its thickets, agreeable surprises are prepared for the stranger, and all the better points of view are ornamented by seats and summer-houses. One of these places was covered by a permanent protection against the weather that had a name which amused us, though it was appropriate enough, so far as the shape went. It was called a "mushroom," it being, in fact, a sort of wooden umbrella, not unlike those which the French market women spread over their heads in the streets of Paris, and which, more sentimental and imaginative, they term a "*Robinson*," in honour of Robinson Crusoe.* This mushroom was the scene of a remarkable occurrence, that it will scarcely do to relate, but which, taking all together, furnishes a ludicrous sample of national manners, to say nothing of miracles.

The waters and the air together proved to be so much of a tonic, that we determined to pass a week

* Pronounced Ro-ban-*soun*. The writer once went to return the call of a Mr. Robinson, at Paris. The porter denied that such a person lived in the hotel. "But here is his card; Mr. Robinson, No —, Rue ——. "Bah," looking at the card, "ceci est Mons. Ro-ban-*soun*; c'est autre chose. Sans doute, Monsieur a entendu parler du celèbre Ro-ban-*soun*?"

at Spa, A ——, who was so weak on leaving Paris, as scarcely to be able to enter the carriage, gaining strength in a way to delight us all. The cholera and the quarantine together induce a good many people to come this way, and though few remain as long as ourselves, the constant arrivals serve to keep attention alive. Among others, the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg passed a night here, on his way home. He appeared in the public room, for a few minutes, but so few were assembled that he retired, it was said, disappointed. There is still some playing in public, and occasionally the inhabitants of Verviers, an affluent manufacturing town, near the Prussian frontier, come over in sufficient numbers, to make a tolerably brilliant evening. These meetings take place in the *Rédoute*, a building of moderate dimensions, erected in the heart of the place, according to a very general German custom; Wauxhall, the ancient scene of revelry standing aloof in the fields, deserted and desolate, as does a rival edifice of more recent existence. The dimensions and style of these structures give one an idea of the former gaiety and magnificence of Spa, though the only use that either is now put to, is to furnish a room for a protestant clergyman to preach in, Sundays.

As health, after all, is the greatest boon of life, we loitered at Spa a fortnight, endeavouring to while away the time in the best way we could. Short as was our stay, and transient as were the visits, we remained long enough to see that it was an epitome

of life. Some intrigued, some played, and some passed the time at prayer. I witnessed trouble in one *ménage*, saw a parson drunk, and heard much pious discourse from a captain in the navy!

We got little Ardennes horses, which were constantly parading the streets, led by countrymen in *blouse*, to tempt us to mount, and took short excursions in the vicinity. Sometimes we made what is called the tour of the springs, of which there are several, each differing from the others in its medicinal properties, and only one of which is in the village itself, the rest being a mile or more distant. At other times, we lounged in the shops, admiring and purchasing the beautiful boxes and ornaments that are known as Spa work, and which are merely the wood of the hills, coloured by being deposited for a time in the spring, and then painted and varnished highly. Similar work is made in other places, but nowhere else as beautifully as here.

At length *ennui* got the better of the good air and the invigorating water, and I sent for my passport and the horses. François, by this time, was tired of cooking, and he carried the orders for both right joyfully, while my *bourgeois* received his Napoleons with many handsome expressions of regret, that I dare say were truer than common. In the mean time we hurried about with our cards of P. P. C., bidding adieu to some, without the slightest expectation of ever meeting them again, and promising others to renew the acquaintance on the Rhine, or

among the Alps, as events might decide. At half past eleven all was ready, and shaking hands with two countrymen who came to see us off, we took our places, and dashed away from our *ménage* of a fortnight's duration, as unceremoniously as we had stepped into it.

The dog-star raged with all its fury, as we drove through the close and pent up valleys that lie between Spa and Verviers. At the latter place we began to ascend, until finally we reached a broad and naked height, that overlooked a wide reach of country towards the east. This was the region that lies around the ancient capital of Charlemagne, and is now a part of what M. de Pradt has described as "a façade thrown before Europe," or the modern and disjointed kingdom of Prussia. We reached the frontier on the height of land, where, everything proving to be *en règle*, we met with no obstruction or delay.

While crossing the swell of land just mentioned, the wind changed with a suddenness that we are apt to think American, but which occurs more frequently in this hemisphere, or rather in this part of it, than in our own. The peculiarity of the American climate is its exaggeration rather than its fickleness; its passages from extreme heat to extreme cold, more than the frequency of its lesser transitions. One never thinks of an umbrella in America, with a cloudless sky, whereas, during the spring months in particular, there is no security against rain an hour at a time, near the western coast of Europe, more

especially north of the bay of Biscay. On the present occasion, we passed in a few minutes from the oven to the ice-house, and were travelling with cloaks about us, and closed windows, long before we reached Aix-la-Chapelle, at which ancient town we arrived about six. Unlike Spa, where we had the choice among a hundred furnished houses, Aix was so crowded that we got narrow lodgings, with great difficulty, in a second-rate hotel.

As a matter of course, although it was going over old ground with most of us, we could do no less than look at the sights. The environs of Aix, though exceedingly pretty, and well ornamented by country houses, are less beautiful than those of Liége. Although Charlemagne has been buried near a thousand years, and there is no longer an Emperor of Germany, or a King of the Romans, Aix-la-Chapelle is still a town of more than 30,000 inhabitants. It is a crowded and not a particularly neat place, though material improvements are making, and we have been more pleased with it this year than we were last. The town-house is a very ancient structure, one of its towers being supposed to have been built by the Romans, and it is celebrated as having been the place of meeting of two European congresses; that of 1748, and that of our own times. It has a gallery of portraits of the different ambassadors, a big-wigged if a not big-witted set.

The cathedral, though imperfect, is a noble and a curious monument: the choir is modern, that is to

say, of gothic workmanship, and only five hundred years old, while the main body is an antique rotunda, that dates more than twice as far back, or as remotely as the reign of Charlemagne himself. There is a circular gallery in it, around which the thrones of the Emperor and Electors were formerly placed, at the ceremonies of coronations. Each of these thrones was flanked by small antique columns, brought from Rome, but which during the reign of Napoleon, in the spirit of monopoly and deseeration*

* Extract from the unpublished manuscript of these letters: "You have lately been at Richmond Hill," said Mr. ——; "did you admire the view, as much as is the fashion?" "To be frank with you, I did not. The Park struck me as being an indifferent specimen of your parks, and the view, though containing an exquisite bit in the fore-ground, I think, as a whole, is both tame and confused." "You are not alone in your opinion, though I think otherwise. Canova walked with me on the terrace, without seeming to be conscious there was anything unusual to be seen. He scarcely regarded the celebrated view a second time. Did you know him?" "He was dead, before I came to Europe." "Poor Canova!—I met him in Paris, in 1815, in a ludicrous dilemma. It rained, and I was crossing the *Carrousel* in a *fiacre*, when I saw Canova stealing along near the walls, covered in a cloak, and apparently uncertain how to proceed. I drove near him, and offered him a seat. He was agitated, and appeared like a man who had stolen goods about him. The amount of it was, that they were distributing the pictures to their former owners, and having an order to receive *la Madonna della Seggiola*, he had laid hands on the prize, and, in his eagerness to make sure of it, was carrying it off, under his cloak. He was afraid of being discovered and mobbed, and so I drove home with him to his hotel." I think Mr. —— named

that marked the era, had been transferred to Paris, where some of them are still seen standing in the gallery of the Tuileries. A chair that was found in Charlemagne's tomb, stands in this gallery, and was long used as a throne for the Emperors.

The cathedral is said to be rich in relics, and, among other things, it has some of the manna from the desert, and a bit of Aaron's rod! It has a window or two, in a retired chapel, which have a few panes of exquisitely painted glass that are much more precious than either.

At noon I sent my passport to the post-house for horses, and, in return, I had a visit from the post-master in compliment to the republic of letters. We said a few flattering things to each other, much to the amusement of A——, when we took our departure.

The country, after quitting the valley of Aix,* became flat and monotonous, and it was in the midst of a vast level district, that we found the town of Juliers, the capital of the ancient Duchy, buried behind grassy ramparts, that were scarcely visible until we were actually passing them. It is a tame and insignificant place, at present. At Berghem, a post or two further, I had another visit from the post-

this particular picture, though I have somewhere heard it was never brought to Paris, having been sent to Sicily for security: it might, therefore, have been another painting.

* *Aachen*, in German. In French, it is pronounced *Ais-la-Chapelle.*

master and his clerk, who made no scruple in asking me if I was the man who wrote books! We talk a great deal of our national intelligence in America, and certainly with truth, when we compare ourselves with these people in many important particulars; but blocks are not colder, or can have less real reverence for letters, arts, or indeed cultivation of any kind, than the great bulk of the American people. There are a few among us who pretend to work themselves up into enthusiasm as respects the first, more especially if they can get a foreign name to idolize, but it is apparent, at a glance, that it is not enthusiasm of the pure water. For this, Germany is the land of sensations, whether music, poetry, arms, or the more material arts be their object. As for myself, I can boast of little in this way, beyond the homage of my two post-masters, which perhaps was more than properly fell to my share, but I shall never forget the feeling displayed by a young German, at Dresden, whom chance threw in my way. We had lodgings in a house directly opposite the one inhabited by Tieck, the celebrated novelist and dramatist. Having no proper means of introduction to this gentleman, and unwilling to obtrude myself any where, I never made his acquaintance, but it was impossible not to know, in so small a town, where so great a celebrity lived. Next door to us was a Swiss confectioner, with whom I occasionally took an ice. One day a young man entered for a similar purpose, and left the room with myself. At the

door he inquired if I could tell him in which of the neighboring hotels M. Tieck resided. I showed him the house and paused a moment to watch his manner, which was entirely free from pretension, but which preserved an indescribable expression of reverence. "Was it possible to get a glimpse of the person of M. Tieck?" "I feared not; some one had told me that he was gone to a watering-place." "Could I tell him which was the window of his room?" This I was able to do, as he had been pointed out to me at it a few days before. I left him gazing at the window, and it was near an hour before this quiet exhibition of heartfelt homage ceased by the departure of the young man. In my own case, I half suspect that my two postmasters expected to see a man of less European countenance than the one I happen to travel with.

It was near sunset when we reached the margin of the upper terrace, where we began to descend to the level of the borders of the Rhine. Here we had a view of the towers of Cologne, and of the broad plain that environs its walls. It was getting to be dark as we drove through the winding entrance, among bastions and half-moons, and across bridges, up to the gates of the place, which we reached just in season to be admitted without the extra formalities.

LETTER XII.

DEAR ——,

I DO not know by what dignitary of the ancient electorate the hotel in which we lodged was erected, but it was a spacious building, with fine lofty rooms and a respectable garden. As the language of a country is influenced by its habits, and in America everything is so much reduced to the standard of the useful that little of the graceful has yet been produced, it may be well to remind you that this word "garden," signifies pleasure-grounds in Europe. It may even be questioned if the garden of Eden was merely a *potager*.

After breakfasting we began to deliberate as to our future movements. Here we were at Cologne, in Prussia, with the wide world before us, uncertain whither to proceed. It was soon decided, however, that a first duty was to look again at the unfinished cathedral, that wonder of Gothic architecture; to make a pilgrimage to the house in which Rubens was born; to pay a visit to the eleven thousand virgins, and to buy some Cologne water. After which it would be time enough to determine where we would sleep.

The first visit was to the bones. These relics are

let into the walls of the church that contains them, and are visible through a sort of pigeon-holes which are glazed. There is one chapel in particular, that is altogether decorated with the bones arranged in this manner, the effect being very much like that of an apothecary's shop. Some of the virgins are honoured with hollow wooden or silver busts, lids in the tops of which being opened, the true skull is seen within. These relics are not as formidable, therefore, as one would be apt to infer the bones of eleven thousand virgins might be, the grinning portion of the skulls being uniformly veiled for propriety's sake. I thought it a miracle in itself to behold the bones of all these virgins, but, as if they were insufficient, the cicerone very coolly pointed out to us the jar that had held the water which was converted into wine by the Saviour at the marriage of Cana! It was Asiatic in form, and may have held both water and wine in its day.

The cathedral is an extraordinary structure. Five hundred years have gone by, and there it is less than half finished. One of the towers is not forty feet high, while the other may be two hundred. The crane, which is renewed from time to time, though a stone has not been raised in years, is on the latter. The choir, or rather the end chapel that usually stands in rear of the choir, is perfect, and a most beautiful thing it is. The long narrow windows, that are near a hundred feet in height, are exquisitely painted, creating the peculiar cathedral atmosphere,

that ingenious invention of some poet to render solemn architecture imaginative and glorious. We could not dispense with looking at the skulls of the Magi, which are kept in an exceedingly rich reliquary or shrine. They are all three crowned, as well as being masked like the virgins. There is much jewellery, though the crowns had a strong glow of tinsel about them, instead of the mild lustre of the true things. Rubens, as you know, was of gentle birth, and the house in which he was born is just such a habitation as you would suppose might have been inhabited by a better sort of burgher. It is said that Mary of Medicis, the wife of Henry IV., died in this building, and tradition, which is usually a little ambitious of effect, has it that she died in the very room in which Rubens was born. The building is now a public house.

I do not know that there is a necessary connexion between foul smells and Cologne water, but this place is the dirtiest and most offensive we have yet seen, or rather smelt, in Europe. It would really seem that the people wish to drive their visiters into the purchase of their great antidote. Disagreeable as it was, we continued to *flaner* through the streets until near noon, visiting, among other things, the floating bridge, where we once more enjoyed the sight of the blue waters of the Rhine glancing beneath our feet.

Like true *flaneurs*, we permitted chance to direct our steps, and at twelve, tired with foul smells and

heat, we entered the carriage, threaded the half moons, abbattis and grassy mounds again, and issued into the pure air of the unfenced fields, on the broad plain that stretches for miles towards the east, or in the direction of Bonn. The day was sultry, and we fully enjoyed the transition. In this part of Germany the postilions are no laggards, and we trotted merrily across the wide plain, reaching Bonn long before it was time to refresh ourselves. The horses were changed, and we proceeded immediately. As we left the town I thought the students, who were gasping at the windows of their lodgings, envied us the pleasure of motion. Having so lately accompanied me over this road, I shall merely touch upon such points as were omitted before, and keep you acquainted with our movements.

The afternoon was lovely, when, passing the conical and castle-crowned steep of Godisberg, we approached the hills, where the road for the first time runs on the immediate borders of the stream. Opposite to us were the Seven mountains, topped by the ruins of the Drachenfels, crag and masonry wearing the appearance of having mouldered together under the slow action of centuries; and, a little in advance, the castle of Rolandseck peered above the wooded rocks on our own side of the river. Two low islands divided the stream, and on one of them stood the capacious buildings of a convent. Every one at all familiar with the traditions of the Rhine, has heard the story of the crusader, who, returning from

the wars, found his betrothed a nun in this asylum. It would seem that lies were as rife before the art of printing had been pressed into their service, or newspapers known, as they are to-day, for she had been taught to think him dead or inconstant; it was much the same to her. The castle which overlooked the island was built for his abode, and here the legend is prudently silent. Although one is not bound to believe all he hears, we are all charmed with the images which such tales create, especially when, as in this case, they are aided by visible and tangible objects in the shape of good stone walls. As we trotted along under the brow of the mountain that upholds the ruins of the castle of Charlemagne's nephew, my eye rested musingly on the silent pile of the convent. "That convent," I called out to the postilion, "is still inhabited?" "*Ja, mein Herr, es ist ein gasthaus.*" An inn!—the thing was soon explained. The convent, a community of Benedictines, had been suppressed some fifteen or twenty years, and the buildings had been converted into one of your sentimental taverns. With the closest scrutiny I could not detect a soul near the spot, for junketting in a ruin is my special aversion. A hamlet stood on the bank at no great distance above the island; the postilion grinned when I asked if it would be possible to get horses to this place in the morning, for it saved him a trot all the way to Oberwinter. He promised to send word in the course of the night to the relay above, and the whole affair

was arranged in five minutes. The carriage was housed and left under the care of François on the main land, a night sack thrown into a skiff, and in ten minutes we were afloat on the Rhine. Our little bark whirled about in the eddies, and soon touched the upper point of the island.

We found convent, *gasthaus*, and sentiment, without any pre-occupants. There was not a soul on the island, but the inn-keeper, his wife, a child, a cook, a crone who did all sorts of work, and three Prussian soldiers, who were billetted on the house, part of a detachment that we had seen scattered along the road, all the way from Bonn. I do not know which were the most gladdened by the meeting, ourselves or the good people of the place; we at finding anything like retirement in Europe, and they at seeing anything like guests. The man regretted that we had come so late, for a large party had just left him; and we felicitated ourselves that we had not come any sooner, for precisely the same reason. As soon as he comprehended our tastes, he very frankly admitted that every room in the convent was empty. "There is no one, but these, on the island. Not a living being, *herr graf*," for these people have made a count of me, whether or not. Here then were near two hundred acres, environed by the Rhine, prettily disposed in wood and meadow, absolutely at our mercy. You can readily imagine, with what avidity a party of young *Parisiennes*, profited by their liberty, while I pro-

ceeded forthwith, to inspect the larder, and then to inspect the cloisters. Sooth to say, sentiment had a good deal to do with two of the courses of a dinner at Nonnenswerth, for so is the island called. The buildings were spacious, and far from mean, and it was a pleasant thing to promenade in cloisters that had so lately been trodden by holy nuns, and see your dinner preparing in a convent kitchen. I could do no less than open a bottle of "Liebfrau-milch" in such a place, but it proved to be a near neighbour to bonny-clabber.

As the evening closed we took possession of our rooms. Our parlour had been that of the Lady Abbess, and A—— had her bed-chamber. These were spacious rooms and well furnished. The girls were put into the cells, where girls ought never to be put. Jetty had another near them, and, these dispositions made, I sallied forth alone, in quest of a sensation.

The intense heat of the day had engendered a gust. The thunder was muttering among the "seven mountains," and occasionally a flash of lightning illumined the pitchy darkness of the night. I walked out into the grounds, where the wind was fiercely howling through the trees. A new flash illumined the hills, and I distinctly saw the naked rock of the Drachenfels, with the broken tower tottering on the half-ruined crag, looking fearful and supernatural. By watching a minute, another flash exposed Rolandseck, looking down upon me with me-

lancholy solicitude. Big drops began to patter on the leaves, and, still bent on sensations, I entered the buildings.

The cloisters were gloomy, but I looked into the vast, smoked, and cavern-like kitchen, where the household were consuming the fragments of our dinner. A light shone from the door of a low cell, in a remote corner of the cloisters, and I stole silently to it, secretly hoping it would prove to be a supernatural glimmering above some grave. The three Prussians were eating their cheese parings and bread, by the light of a tallow candle, seated on a stone floor. It was short work to squeeze all the poetry out of this group.

The storm thickened, and I mounted to the gallery, or the corridore above the cloisters, which communicated with our own rooms. Here I paced back and forth, a moment, in obscurity, until, by means of a flash, I discovered a door, at one extremity of the passage. Bent on adventure, I pushed and it opened. As there were only moments when anything could be seen, I proceeded in utter darkness, using great caution not to fall through a trap. Had it been my happy fortune to be a foundling, who had got his reading and writing "by nature," I should have expected to return from the adventure a *Herzog*,* at least, if not an *Erz-Herzog*.† Perhaps, by some inexplicable miracle of romance, I

* Duke. † Arch-Duke.

might have come forth the lawful issue of Roland and the nun!

As it was, I looked for no more than sensations, of which the hour promised to be fruitful. I had not been a minute in the unknown region, before I found that, if it were not the abode of troubled spirits, it at least was worthy to be so. You will remember that I am not now dealing in fiction, but truth, and, that, unlike those who "read when they sing, and sing when they read," I endeavour to be imaginative in poetry and literal in my facts. I am now dealing strictly with the latter which I expect will greatly enhance the interest of this adventure.

After taking half a dozen steps, with extreme caution, I paused a moment, for the whole air appeared to be filled by a clatter, as if ten thousand bat's wings were striking against glass. This was evidently within the convent, while, without, the wind howled even louder than ever. My hand rested on something, I knew not what. At first I did not even know whether I was in the open air, or not, for I felt the wind, saw large spaces of dim light, and yet could distinguish that something like a vault impended over my head. Presently a vivid flash of lightning removed all doubt. It flickered, seemed extinguished and flared up again, in a way to let me get some distinct ideas of the *locus in quo*. I had clearly blundered into the convent chapel; not upon its pavement, which was on a level with the cloisters below, but into an open gallery, that communi-

cated with the apartments of the nuns, and my hand was on the chair of the Lady Abbess, the only one that remained. The dim light came from the high arched windows, and the bat's wings were small broken panes rattling in the gale. But I was not alone. By the transient light I saw several grim figures, some kneeling, others with outstretched arms, bloody and seared, and one appeared to be in the confessional. At the sight of these infernal spectres, for they came and went with the successive flashes of the lightning, by a droll chain of ideas, I caught myself shouting, rather than singing —"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!—what cheer, what cheer?" in a voice loud as the winds. At last, here was a sensation! Half a dozen flashes rendered me familiar with the diabolical looking forms, and as I now knew where to look for them, even their grim countenances were getting to be familiar. At this moment, when I was about to address them in prose, the door, by which I had entered the gallery, opened slowly, and the withered face of an old woman appeared in a flash. The thunder came next, and the face vanished—"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!—what cheer, what cheer?" There was another pause—the door once more opened, and the face reappeared. I gave a deep and loud groan; if you ask me why, I can only say, because it seemed to be wanting to the general effect of the scene and place. The door slammed, the face vanished, and I was alone again with the demons. By this time

the gust was over, I groped my way out of the gallery, stole through the corridore into my own room, and went to bed. I ought to have had exciting dreams, especially after the *Liebfraumilch*, but, contrary to all rule, I slept like a postilion in a cock-loft, or a midshipman in the middle watch.

The next morning at breakfast, A—— had a melancholy tale to relate; how the poor old crone, who has already been mentioned, had been frightened by the gust—how she stole to the chapel to mutter a prayer—how she opened the door of the gallery—how she heard strange sounds, and particularly certain groans—how she had dropped the candle—how the door had blown to, and she, miserable woman, had stolen to the bed of her (A—'s) maid, whom she had implored to give her shelter and protection for the night! We went in a body to look at the chapel, after breakfast, and it was admitted all round, that it was well suited to produce a sensation, in a thunder-storm, of a dark night, and that it was no wonder Jetty's bed-fellow had been frightened. But now every thing was calm and peaceful. The glass hung in fragments about the leaden sashes; the chair and *prière dieu* of the lady Abbess had altogether an innocent and comfortable air, and the images, of which there were several, as horrible as a bungling workman and a bloody imagination could produce, though of a suffering appearance, were really insensible to pain. While we were making this *reconnoissance*

a bugle sounded on the main, and looking out we saw the Oberwinter postilion coming round the nearest bend in the river. On this hint, we took our leave of the island, not forgetting to apply a little of the universal salve to the bruised spirit of the old woman, whose dread of thunder had caused her to pass so comfortless a night.

The day was before us, and we went leisurely up the stream, determined to profit by events. The old castles crowned every height, as you know, and as we had the carriage filled with maps and books, we enjoyed every foot of this remarkable road. At Andernach we stopped to examine the ruins of the palace of the Kings of Austrasia, of whom you have heard before. The remains are considerable, and some parts of the walls would still admit of being restored. The palace has out-lasted not only the kingdom, but almost its history. This edifice was partly built of a reddish freestone, very like that which is so much used in New York, a material that abounds on the Rhine.

Between Andernach and Coblentz the road passes over a broad plain, at some little distance from the river, though the latter is usually in sight. It may give you some idea of its breadth, if I tell you that as we approached Neuwied, it became a disputed point in the carriage, whether the stream flowed between us and the town, or not. Still the Rhine is a mighty river, and even imposing, when one contemplates its steady flow, and remembers

its great length. It is particularly low at present, and is less beautiful than last year, the colours of the water being more common-place than usual.

It was still early, though we had loitered a good deal by the way, to study views and examine ruins, when we drew near the fort-environed town of Coblentz. The bridge across the Moselle was soon passed, and we again found ourselves in this important station. The territory opposite the city belongs to the Duchy of Nassau, but enough has been ceded to the King of Prussia to enable him to erect the celebrated Ehrenbreitstein, which is one of the strongest forts in the world, occupying the summit of a rocky height, whose base is washed by the Rhine, and whose outworks are pushed to all the neighbouring eminences. The position of Coblentz, at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, the latter of which penetrates into the ancient electorate of Treves, now belonging to Prussia, may render it an important station to that power, but it does not strike me as military. The enemy that can seize any one of its numerous out-works, or forts, must essentially command the place. As at Genoa, it seems to me that too much has been attempted to succeed.

Last night we had a convent that was a parallelogram of six hundred feet by three hundred, all to ourselves, while this night we were crowded into a small and uncomfortable inn that was overflowing

with people. The house was noisy and echoish, and not inappropriately called the "Three Swiss."

We crossed the river by the bridge of boats, and ascended the opposite hill to enjoy the view. There was another island up the stream, with a ruined convent, but unhappily it was not an inn. The Rhine is a frontier, for much of its course, washing the shores of France, Darmstadt, Bavaria, Baden, Nassau, Prussia, &c. &c., for a long distance, and permanent bridges are avoided, in most places. The floating bridges, being constructed of platforms laid on boats, that are united by clamps, can be taken apart, and withdrawn, to either shore, in an hour or two.

We quitted Coblentz at ten, and now began in truth to enter the fine scenery of the Rhine. The mountains, or rather hills, for they scarcely deserve the former name, close upon the river, a short distance below the town, and from that moment, with very immaterial exceptions, the road follows the windings of the stream, keeping generally within a few yards of the water. The departures from this rule, are not more than sufficient to break the monotony of a perfectly uniform scene. I have nothing new to tell you of the ruined castles—the villages and towns that crowd the narrow strand—the even and well-kept roads—the vine-covered hills—and the beautiful sinuosities of this great artery of Europe. To write any thing new or interesting of this well beaten path, one must linger days among the ruins,

explore the valleys, and dive into the local traditions. We enjoyed the passage, as a matter of course, but it was little varied, until we drew near the frontier of Prussia, when a castle, that stood beetling on a crag, immediately above the road, caught my eye. The building, unlike most of its sister edifices, appeared to be in good order; smoke actually arose from a beacon-grate that thrust itself out from an advanced tower, which was nearly in a perpendicular line above us, and the glazed windows and other appliances denoted a perfect and actual residence. As usual, the postilion was questioned. I understood him to say that the place was called the Ritterstein, but the name is of little moment. It was a castle of the middle ages, a real old hold of the Rhine, which had been purchased by a brother of the King of Prussia, who is now the governor of the Rhenish provinces. This prince had caused the building to be restored, rigidly adhering to the ancient style of architecture, and to be furnished according to the usages of the middle ages, and baronial comfort; what was more, if the prince were not in his hold, as probably would prove not to be the case, strangers were permitted to visit it! Here was an unexpected pleasure, and we hastened to alight, admiring the governor of the Rhenish provinces, his taste, and his liberality, with all our hearts.

If you remember the satisfaction with which we visited the little hunting tower of the poor *Prince*

de Condé in 1827, a building whose chief merit was its outward form and the fact that it had been built by the Queen Blanche, you can form some notion of the zeal with which we toiled up the steep ascent, on the present occasion. The path was good, tasteful and sinuous, but the buildings stood on crags that were almost perpendicular on three of their sides, and at an elevation of near, or perhaps quite two hundred feet above the road.

We were greeted, on reaching the gate, not by a warder, but by the growl and bark of a ferocious mastiff, who would have been more in keeping at his post near a hen-roost, than at the portal of a princely castle. One "half-groom, half-seneschal," and who was withal a little drunk, however, soon came forth to receive us, and, after an exhortation to the dog in a Dutch that was not quite as sonorous as the growl of the animal, he very civilly offered to do the honours of the place.

We entered by a small drawbridge, but the buildings stand so near the brow of an impending rock, as to induce me to think this bridge has been made for effect, rather than to renew the original design. A good deal of the old wall remains, especially in the towers, which are mostly round, and all that has been done with the exterior, has been to fill the gaps, and to re-attach the balconies and the external staircases, which are of iron. I can no more give you a clear idea of the irregular form of this edifice with the pen, than you would obtain of the intricate tra-

eery of gothic architecture, having never seen a gothic edifice, or studied a treatise on the style, by the same means. You will understand the difficulty when you are told that this castle is built on crags, whose broken summits are its foundations, and give it its form. The court is narrow and inconvenient, carriages never approaching it, but several pretty little terraces in front, answer most of the purposes of courts, and command lovely glimpses of the Rhine, in both directions. These terraces, like the towers and walls, were placed just where there was room, and the total absence of regularity forms one of the charms of the place.

In the interior, the ancient arrangement has been studiously respected. The furniture is more than imitation, for we were told that much of it had been taken from the royal collections of Berlin. By royal you are not to suppose, however, that there are any attempts at royal state, but merely that the old castles of the barons and counts, whose diminutive territories have contributed to rear the modern state of Prussia, have been ransacked for this end.

The Ritter Saal, or Knight's Hall, though not large, is a curious room; indeed it is the only one in the entire edifice that can be called a good room, at all. The fire-place is huge, so much so, that I walked into it, with ease, and altogether in the ancient style. There is a good deal of curious armour hung up in this room and it has many other quaint and rare objects. The chandelier was a circle formed

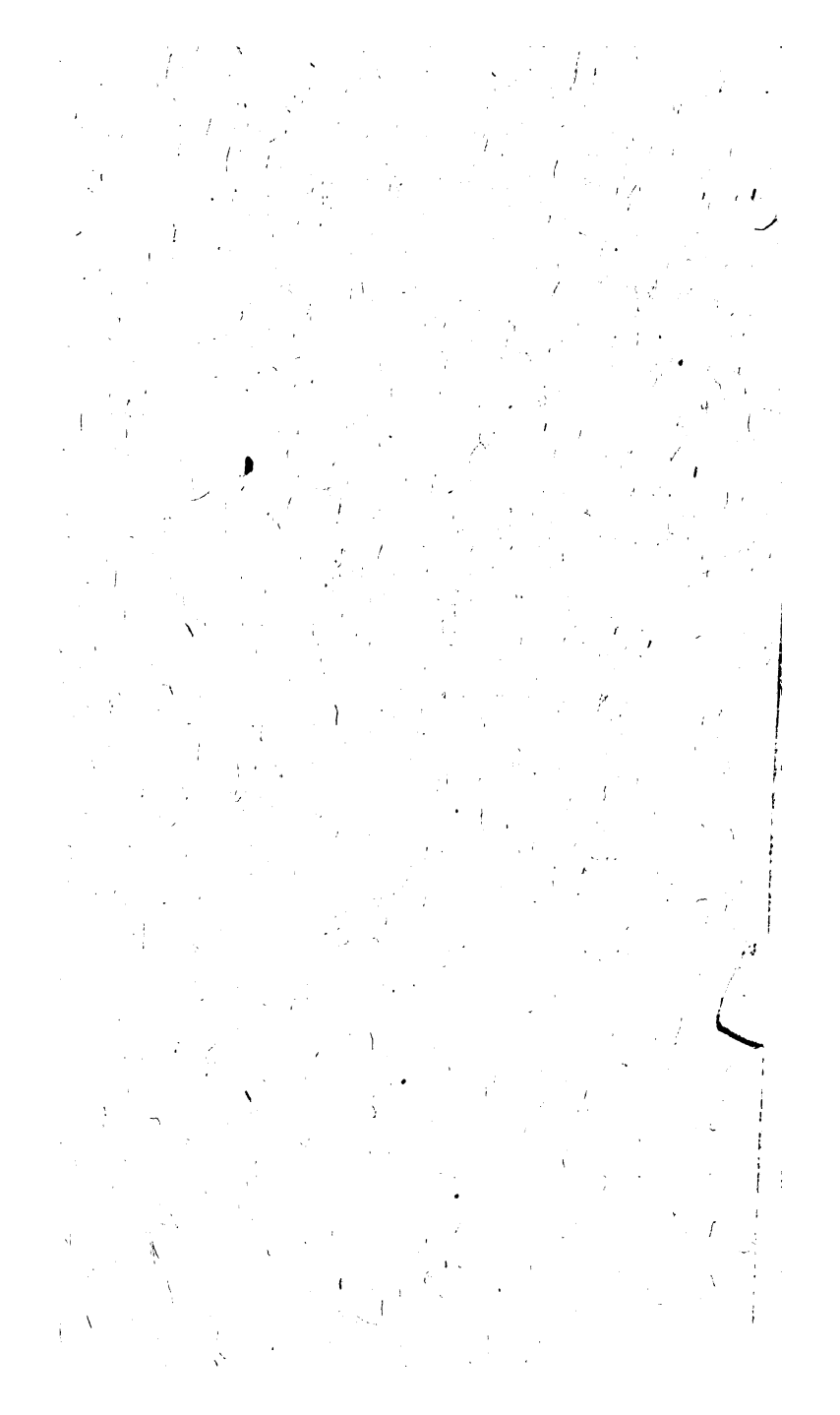
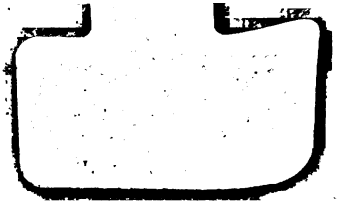
by uniting buck's horns, which were fitted with lamps. There was almost too much good taste about this for feudal times, and I suspect it of being one of our modern embellishments; a material picture of the past, like a poem by Scott. There may have been some anachronisms in the furniture, but we all use furniture of different ages, when we are not reduced to the fidgetty condition of the *quasi* genteel.

In one corner of the Ritter Saal there stood an ancient vessel to hold water, and beneath it was a porcelain trough to catch the drippings. The water was obtained by turning a cock. The chairs, tables, settees, &c. were all of oak. The coverings of the chairs, i. e., backs and bottoms, were richly embroidered in gold-thread, the work of different royal personages. The designs were armorial bearings.

All the stairs were quaint and remarkable, and, in one instance, we encircled the exterior of a tower, by one of them, at a giddy elevation of near three hundred feet above the river, the tower itself, being placed on the uttermost verge of the precipice. From this tower the grate of the beacon thrust itself forward, and, as it still smoked, I inquired the reason. We were told that the wad of a small piece of artillery, that had been fired as a signal to the steamboat, had lodged in the grate, where it was still burning. The signal had been given to enable the Prince and his family to embark, for they had not left the place an hour, when we arrived. *Tempora*

mutantur since the inhabitants of such a hold can go from Bingen to Coblentz to dine, in a steamer.

We saw the bed-rooms. The Prince slept on an iron camp bed-stead, but the ladies occupied bunks let into the walls, as in the olden time. The rooms were small, the Ritter Saal excepted, and low, though there were a good many of them. One or two were a little too much modernized, perhaps, though, on the whole, the keeping was surprisingly good. A severe critic might possibly have objected to a few anachronisms in this *romaunt*, but this is a fault that Prince Frédéric shares in common with Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott.

I cannot recall a more delightful hour than that we passed in examining this curiosity, which was like handling, and feeding, and playing with a living camelopard, after having seen a dozen that were stuffed.

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